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A Monthly Magazine

Vol. XV. SEPTEMBER, 1894. No. 11.

ORGAN
OF THE
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MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS
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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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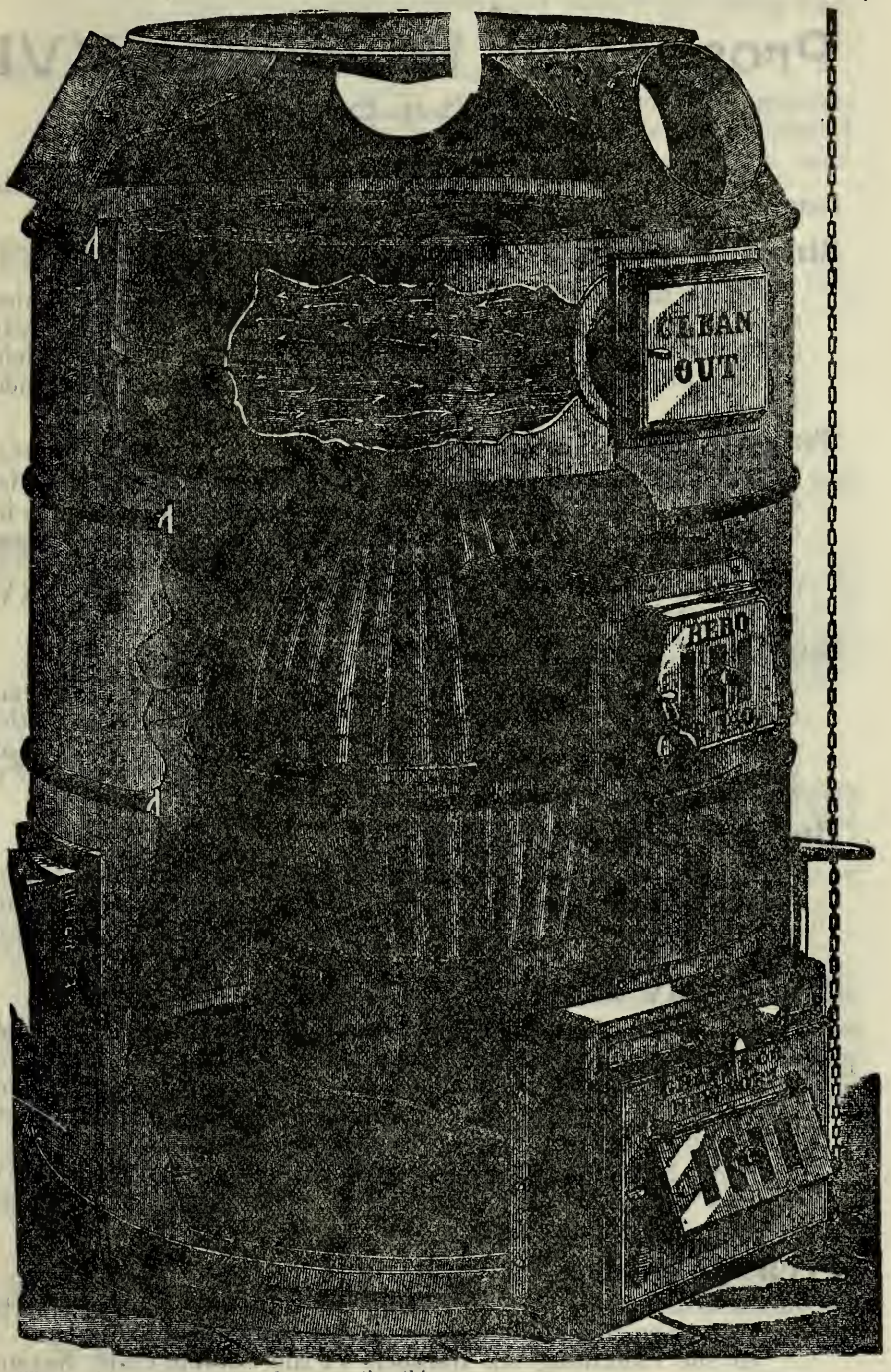

THE

CONTRIBUTOR,

The Authorized Organ of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Zion.

Prospectus for Volume XVI.

1894-95.

In this volume we propose to introduce the following special features among many other instructive articles of general interest:

Shining Lights. How They Acquired Brightness.

Under this heading we design giving a series of biographical sketches of some of the prominent living men of our community, and tell what means they adopted to attain success. These articles will be illustrated with half-tone engravings of the persons mentioned.

Temple Manifestations.

There have been many remarkable experiences of Latter-day Saints in our temples which have never been recorded. These incidents have a tendency to create and encourage faith and consequently the knowledge of them should be widely disseminated. A series of articles on this subject will be presented in Volume XVI of THE CONTRIBUTOR.

Sermons from the Prophets

will be the title of a series of articles by DR. M H. HARDY, containing the choicest gems of thoughts of the leading men of this dispensation. This collection will be of incalculable value to all young people, and will be compiled with special reference to Mutual Improvement work.

Beyond the Arctic Circle.

Continuing through Volume XVI. will be published an intensely interesting narrative, nicely illustrated, of experiences and observations in the Land of the Midnight Sun, by Elder Nephi Anderson.

The Study of Self.

PROFESSORS GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, M. H. HARDY and other able instructors will handle this subject and present such ideas to young men as will enable them to better understand themselves, and thus more rapidly approach the divine Model whose life and character we should constantly keep in mind.

PROF. N. L NELSON, whose excellent articles in Volume XV of THE CONTRIBUTOR have been of such great service to all readers will continue to write on

Preaching and Preaching

in the first six numbers of Volume XVI. These articles will be devoted especially to the composition and delivery of sermons.

In the remaining six numbers of the volume PROF. NELSON will write on

Mormonism and Theosophy,

a subject which, in these times, is of special interest, and should be carefully studied by the Latter-day Saints.

Reminiscences of the Scandinavian Mission,

will be treated by ELDER ANDREW JENSON than whom no person is better qualified to write upon this very interesting subject. In this series much heretofore unpublished history and many facts and incidents not generally known will appear.

M. I. A. Manual, Part II.,

prepared by PROFESSORS M. H. HARDY and GEO. H. BRIMHALL, and approved by all the M. I. A. general officers, will be published in Volume XVI. Every association member should study carefully these lessons.

In the new volume will be issued the

Prize Story and Prize Male Quartette

for which THE CONTRIBUTOR offered prizes at the Territorial Fair of 1894.

We will also aim to have a valuable piece of

Vocal Music

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Our Illustrations

will be of the very highest class, and mostly original. They will also be abundantly used in the volume.

Department of Inquiry.

We propose to devote not to exceed three pages of each issue to the answering of all proper questions the answers to which will be of general interest. Inquiries concerning association work, doctrine, missions, etc., it will be the endeavor of THE CONTRIBUTOR to answer.

Under the title of

Association Suggestions,

it will be the aim to present in an instructive and entertaining manner, items of general interest and benefit concerning Mutual Improvement work. In order to make this department of general value we cordially invite those actively engaged in association work to give us the benefit of their suggestions.

Our Missions

throughout the world will receive attention, and everything of interest or profit connected therewith will be communicated to our readers

PROF. WILLARD DONE, of the L. D. S. College, whose excellent articles in past volumes have been so much appreciated, and others of our ablest writers, will help by their writings to make Volume XVI of THE CONTRIBUTOR a worthy organ of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Many New Features

which we cannot now mention, will be introduced in Volume XVI of THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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Battle of Lookout Mountain.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. SEPTEMBER, 1894. NO. 11.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

ONE of the decisive engagements between opposing forces in the great war of the Rebellion was that known as the Battle of Lookout Mountain.

At the beginning of the year 1863 the Army of the West, as one of the main bodies of Union troops was called, was stationed in Tennessee, under command of General Rosecrans. In January of that year it had scored a victory over the rebel forces led by General Bragg. For some time after this engagement, known as the Battle of Murfreesborough, the Army of the West remained comparatively inactive awaiting developments in other places.

Although General Bragg's army had been defeated at Murfreesborough, it was still encamped in the State. In June, however, the administration at Washington urged that the Union Army stationed there take steps to drive the Confederates out of the State. On the twenty-fourth of that month General Rosecrans inaugurated a series of movements to force General Bragg's army to retreat from the position they held. In this he was successful, and the southern army removed to Chattanooga, on the south side of the Tennessee River. Here General Bragg decided to take his stand, and constructed fortifications for the defense of the position. Rosecrans and his army gathered on the north side of the river oppositeChattanooga.

From time to time during the next two months both sides received reinforcements to strengthen their ranks. On the fourth of September a large number of Union soldiers crossed the river and made an attempt to hedge in the Confederate army and cut off communication between them and the country in the rear, whereupon the Confederates abandoned their post and fled to Lafayette, Georgia. At the latter place Bragg set about laying plans to resist the advances of Rosecrans' forces. Here he received several other detachments sent to his aid. The Union army took possession of Chattanooga, and was also strengthened by the arrival of other troops.

These two contending parties were brought face to face, on the nineteenth of September, a little distance from Chattanooga, on the Chickamauga Creek. During that and the following day the battle raged fiercely, and resulted in the Union troops being repulsed. This sharp conflict is known as the battle of Chickamauga. The losses on both sides were very heavy, the estimate being twelve thousand Confederates and sixteen thousand Federals killed.

After this encounter, the defeated Federal army was compelled to retreat to Chattanooga, where they entrenched themselves. Bragg followed them but decided to make no immediate attack. In the meantime he made an effort to shut out their supplies, and the position of the Union army was very critical.

At this late date in the history of

the war the idea of defeat could not be tolerated by the Unionists. Over eight months had passed since President Lincoln had declared slavery was at an end; the Union had been victorious in many important battles, and defeat now could not be thought of.

When the authorities at Washington learned of the condition at Chattanooga, they dispatched General Grant to the scene, giving him the appointment of commander in the West. Grant had already distinguished himself as a military genius. Besides Grant, Sherman, who had also won fame as an efficient general, was sent to aid in the expected conflict; and immediately additional troops were ordered to the rescue of the practically imprisoned army of Tennessee.

With all the reinforcements received Grant's army was swelled to over ninety thousand men. Bragg's army numbered only about half as many, for while the former's forces were being greatly strengthened by the arrival of new troops, the latter's ranks were somewhat depleted by some of the troops being removed to other points where help was required.

On the twentieth of November the left wing of the Confederate army was stationed on Lookout Mountain a short distance south-west of Chattanooga, and the right wing on Missionary Ridge, a few miles south-east of the city.

Seemingly confident of success, Bragg sent notice to Grant to have everybody not taking part in the conflict removed from the city, as he intended to bombard it. Grant, equally sure of holding his own ground, took no notice of the warning. On the twenty-fourth a corps of Union soldiers under command of General Hooker attacked the troops on Lookout Mountain, while the main army were kept busy in preventing this wing of the Confederate army from being reinforced from the division stationed on Missionary Ridge. With heroic courage Hooker's men attacked the foe and succeeded in routing it, and took possession of the mountain.

The next day the entire army of the Confederates, then concentrated on Missionary Ridge, was put to flight by the combined forces under General Grant. Bragg and his army fled to Georgia. During the two days' engagement, seven hundred and fifty-seven Union soldiers were killed and four thousand, five hundred and twenty-nine were wounded; and the number killed of the Confederates was estimated at over ten thousand.

Considering the superiority of the Federal army in point of numbers this victory was no great achievement, although on account of the admirable position taken by the Southern army, considerable ingenuity was required to successfully rout it even by the vast numbers of opposing forces. The action was an illustration of the determination to put down the Rebellion and protect the Union regardless of the cost.

THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL'S GREAT KING.

THE MIND of man has sufficient for its entire occupation in the study of things pertaining to this mundane sphere, without soaring beyond its limits—for not a mind exists that has thoroughly mastered the knowledge locked up in rock, or tree, or the animal life with which we come in daily contact. The contradictions in the conclusions of the scientific world relative to the geology of the earth, show more distinctly the discrepancies that exist in the knowledge and conclusions of men upon this subject, and the vast range for investigation still remaining.

With the page of nature spread out at our feet so imperfectly studied, yet the mind of man leaps forth into the heavens, and would grasp a knowledge of the great and glorious planets around us. And today, in the very hour we live, our scientists are arranging to flash a message to Mars, our nearest planetary neighbor, and that, too, with full faith of receiving an answering flash from its surface. Nor is the mind of man content with this—it would penetrate the future to know with greater assurance the answer to the question, "Is there life beyond the grave?" Shall that subtle element, the spirit, the life, the breath, that moving vital part of the body return again, and be rehabilitated in flesh and bone, enjoying the full fruition of our most sanguine dreams of acquisition and occupancy of a portion of this earth made glorious, reunited with kindred and friends?

Not only does the mind of man enter into generalities upon this last subject, but selects its loved ones of those that are dead and gone, trying to read their future.

And this David, king of Israel, a man after God's own heart, whose history read and studied, wins for him our love and admiration, and also excites a keen interest to know of his future.

The minds of those who have read David's life go out into the great beyond and would penetrate even to the throne of God to know His mind and will concerning the future of the man he loved so well—and Joseph Smith, our loved prophet, is one of these. In David's ultimate fate a peculiar and strong curiosity exists in the minds of men, whether in sympathy for our own personal weaknesses—of our kindred's—or wholly on account of our earlier born brother, David, I will leave the reader to decide.

Of course the incident of his life, the adultery with Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, and the nature of the punishment for this lapse from virtue, is the point which arouses our curiosity. The keen contrast shown between the fate of the offspring of the legitimate and the illegitimate act, is so finely drawn, so environed and interlaced with the vivid flashes of the sword of justice, intermingled with the softer lights of mercy, as to challenge all competition for comparison.

How the mind wanders out—summoning all its judicial forces to judge this great comparison aright—the nameless bastard, who died at seven days, on the one hand, and the grandeur of the legitimate Solomon on the other. The death of the fruits of the illicit intercourse is at once accepted as just; but it requires greater thought to comprehend the mercy shown so quickly in bestowing upon an adulterer's and a murderer's son such grand and glorious blessings, so that it was said, there was none like unto him or would be again. Whose glory was so great that the Son of God made allusion to it in one of His most sublime comparisons, "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all glory was not arrayed like one of these."

But let us bring this man we love, to bar: David, the king, arraigned—his accuser the Lord, through His servant the Prophet Nathan; the judge: David himself, who worked up in just indignation, by the ingenious method adopted by the accusing prophet, through the story of the poor man, despoiled of his only ewe lamb, by the rich sheep owner—gave judgment on himself: "*The man that hath done this shall surely die.*" This quick response did not emanate from one totally depraved. How the words of the prophet "*Thou art the man*" smote home to the king's heart, as the prophet rehearsed the crime in detail which David had committed, showing also how abundantly the Lord had blessed him, as to leave him without excuse.

"*I have sinned against the Lord,*"

was the acknowledgment of David—the prophet told him the Lord had put away his sin so far as the death penalty was concerned, which was then the law of Israel, and proceeded to pronounce the sentence of God upon him as follows: "The sword shall never depart from thy house, the sin with thy neighbor's wife shall be repeated upon thee and thine, in that thy wives shall be defiled by one of thine own household in the sight of Israel and in the light of the sun." And Absalom his own beloved and idolized boy executed this latter sentence, and brought down upon himself through his excesses a violent death at the hands of one of his father's generals; here, then, was the judgment and decision of the greatest tribune of earth and heaven in this matter.

Now Bathsheba was David's wife, the penalty paid in part—and the marriage acknowledged—the second child was born to David of this woman. He called his name Solomon, and the Lord loved him.

In our judgment of the future of David we must remember he was no common man—that is, he was in closer communion with the Almighty than men generally are; chosen a king and leader of his favored people—not only favored of the Lord as one of them—with all this he was a man after God's own heart, and favored above his fellows.

Jeremiah in his thirty-third chapter writing about six hundred years before Christ, and nearly five hundred years after David's transgression, alludes to David, and the great promises made him by the Almighty with full faith in their fulfillment. And Peter in the second chapter of the Acts alludes to David, with all the Jewish pride he possesses, and confidence in the fulfillment of blessings to his race, obtained through David's influence with God. All of which shows that David is in no wise lost or forgotten, but signifies that he is one of the greatest spirits that has tabernacled here, and that he will yet regain a glorious position after he has paid the full penalty for his sins; for men like David will gladly meet the demands of justice no matter how stern, still trusting in the Divine mercy and love.

The penalty for David's sin was awarded by a special visitation, and a separate judgment was given him, showing that the Lord held him under His personal watchcare; with all this, God is no respecter of persons, but He claims the right to forgive whom He will forgive, but to us it is given to forgive all men. Indeed, the Lord out of the great love He had for David, spared Solomon from the full effect of the penalty for his sins, when he had gone astray, induced thereto by the strange women whom he had married of the idolatrous nations. But what of his future? David was thoroughly aware of a punishment awaiting him after death, for he says in the sixth Psalm, in prophetic utterance, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption."

Joseph Smith, whose curiosity was worked up sufficiently to enquire of this matter of his heavenly visitors, tells us that David sought forgiveness at the hands of God carefully, with tears for the murder of Uriah, but he could only get it through hell—he got a promise that his soul should not be left in hell (Gems, p. 283 of Compendium). Again Joseph says, "Peter saw David in hell, and knew for what reason—and that David would have to remain there until the resurrection at the coming of Christ (Gems, p. 289 of Compendium). He also says (see p. 280), "If a man commit adultery, he cannot receive the celestial kingdom of God; if he is saved in any kingdom it cannot be the celestial kingdom." Again (p. 283) Joseph says of David, that he never did obtain the spirit and power of Elijah and the fullness of the Priesthood.

Our sympathies go out to this man and our hearts beat assent to the refrain, "Saul has killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands," a man after God's own heart, and surely he has ours.

How shall we judge him? What our sentence for his future? Shall he forever be barred from the presence of the great Father and God? No, oh no; but there rises to our view, as if to bar the way, the man Uriah, the stern, brave warrior, staunch and steadfast to his duty.

David, it was a cruel thing to do—true, you had the right to direct the soldier to a position in the assault, but not to retire and leave the brave and honest man a prey to his enemies, outnumbered and outdone by superior numbers; and for the purpose of ridding you of the lawful claimant of the woman whose charms and beauty you had unlawfully appropriated—she yielded to the entreaties of her king—you so perfect in manly beauty and strength of mind—enthroned in all the might and power of the position encompassing a king—she fell entranced and bewildered at your condescension and the magnetism of your grand manly nature.

O shame—disgraced, filled with remorse; thy words now prove it; in vain do you cry: "There is no rest in my bones, because of my sin; as an heavy burthen my iniquities are too heavy for me. I go mourning all the day long." David's lamentation, contained in his fifty-first Psalm, shows his great sorrow and repentance of the offences he had committed, and verifies the saying of our Prophet Joseph, that he sought forgiveness carefully at the hands of God.

But what of his future! We had better leave that with the great Father. Still we may assume this, that the Lord dealt directly with this man, not alone for Israel's good, but for the love he bore David; instructions were given him direct from God; so that David's claim "against Thee and Thee only have I sinned," shows the close communion existing between this man and his Maker.

We must, therefore, judge of his future in accordance with the manner of his life, his position, and his knowledge, and in passing sentence upon him, we must judge how much he has up to the present paid the penalty. The sword was never to depart from his house. His favored son Absalom took up the sword against him, and this same son executed another panalty—the defilement of his father's wives.

We are told that David's wives are taken from him and given to Uriah, all this we can acquiesce in as just, and conditions that in justice David should suffer.

But as David, according to the Prophet Joseph Smith, did not have the fullness of the Priesthood, as committed to man upon the earth in our day, therefore the covenants he was under were not as severe as those that are now placed upon the children of men, whom God has deigned to honor, even us who have accepted the fullness of the Priesthood as now revealed.

The eye for an eye, and the tooth for a tooth doctrine then existed. Later on, in the days of the feudal laws of France, this idea had degenerated into the payment of a certain sum of money for the slaying of a man, with a rising scale consorting with the rank held in society by the deceased. In the days of Israel's early history, life was held in higher estimation than now, still murder was punishable by death, and the adulterer was stoned to death. We must then conclude that David was forgiven the death penalty, but was punished by the ingratitude and wickedness of his own family. The sword did not depart from his house, even down to his illustrious descendant, the Prince of the house of David, Jesus; the sword, or rather the spear, did not spare him.

But David will come with Jesus at His great appearance, at the first resurrection, when the Saints shall come with Him—David will be there also, and if David shall be with that grand company associated with Jesus, may we not hope that through the great repentance he has made, and will yet make, also through the intercession of Jesus, David may attain the presence of God the Father, and enter into His eternal rest and glory?

Frank Bradshaw.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XVI.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

Gay.

He was not slow to act. Though it was now ten o'clock, he determined to warn the intended victim of his danger. He accordingly hastened to the house of Monsieur Bremer.

In answer to his knock La Verne came to the door. She exhibited great surprise at seeing a strange young man, and her fears were not allayed by the anxious expression of his face.

"Is your father at home?" he asked.

"He has just retired," she replied.

"My business with him is very urgent. May I not see him?"

"Is your business of such a nature that he would not object to being disturbed?"

"I think so. In fact a little disturbance now may prevent much trouble in the near future."

"What do you mean?" she asked in alarm.

"I cannot explain my meaning to you," he answered respectfully. "My conversation must be held with him in private."

"What name shall I announce?"

"Vivian Duruy."

She went to the door of her father's room, told him of the visit, and announced the name of the caller.

"Let him enter," said Monsieur Bremer.

He was sitting up in bed at the entrance of Vivian, who told him to lie down, as his visit would be brief.

"Your daughter has a lover, I presume?" said Vivian, coming directly to the point at issue.

"She has," was the reply.

"Tell me his name and character."

"His name is Eugene Pareau. He is the soul of honor."

"I understand he has some claim upon you, which renders it easier for him to gain the hand of your daughter. Am I right?"

"How did you gain this knowledge?" asked M. Bremer in surprise.

"I prefer not to disclose that. Am I right?"

"You are," said the other, almost forced into the acknowledgment by his wonder.

"Would you object to telling me the nature of that claim?"

"I would object most seriously!"

"It is as well," answered Vivian. "I have guessed what the claim is, and your objection convinces me that I have judged correctly."

"I fear you are a spy," said the old man with trepidation.

"I am to a certain extent," replied Vivian, "but only for your benefit. Now listen to me. Pareau knows of certain securities which you think are destroyed. Do you know them to have been destroyed?"

"The house in which they were concealed was burned."

"Do you know that they were concealed there?"

The question was so direct and startling that M. Bremer hesitated to answer it. At length he said, "I have great reason to believe they were."

"But you do not know?"

"I do not."

"Then I will tell you what I know of those peaprs. They were not destroyed. They are now in the hands of Pareau, who intends making a vindictive use of them. The plot of this young lawyer and his associates aims at the seizure of the fortune concealed in this house——"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed M. Bremer, starting up in bed.

"Be calm, Monsieur," said Vivian reassuringly, gently pushing him back upon the pillow. "It aims at the seizure not alone of this property, but of your own person, your daughter La Verne to be made the first victim in her inexorable marriage to Pareau."

A smile of incredulity crossed M. Bremer's face, but, rebuked by Vivian's earnestness, it was succeeded by a look of alarm. "What can I do?" he asked.

"Are you willing to place yourself entirely in my hands and follow, without question, my directions?"

M. Bremer hesitated. "How do I know that you can be trusted?"

"I can give you my word alone," said Vivian proudly. "Were I to offer greater assurances, you would have cause to doubt my honesty. Now you have none."

Struck by the nobility and independence of this reply, M. Bremer gave the required promise.

"In the first place," said Vivian. "I must consult with your daughter. Sleep now, for long before the dawn my first orders will be given you. Farewell."

He left the old man and passed into the other room. La Verne was anxiously awaiting his appearance. "What is it?" she asked in deep anxiety.

"I trust Mademoiselle will not consider me impertinent," said Vivian, "but a matter of great importance necessitates my asking a few direct questions, which I hope will be answered as directly."

"To what matter do you refer?" she asked.

"Your father's safety," he answered sententiously. "It is in your power and mine to protect him from great danger. I must ask your complete confidence in my purpose and desires, and true and direct answers to my questions. Your lover's name is Eugene Pareau?"

"You *are* impertinent!" she exclaimed.

"What seems impertinence to you is honesty of purpose and haste in carrying it out. *Is* Eugene Pareau your lover?"

"Yes."

"When is the marriage to occur?"

"Monsieur, I can no longer endure your questions," she cried indignantly.

"You can and *must*," he answered firmly. "Your father's life is in the balance. The property he holds is also in jeopardy. If I, having no interest in the matter, can sacrifice my peace of mind and imperil myself to save a stranger, can you not forget your false modesty for the sake of your father?"

"What do you mean?"

A step sounded on the walk before the house. "I cannot explain!" he whispered breathlessly. "Answer me; when is the marriage to occur?"

"To-morrow morning," she replied, her diffidence giving way to her alarm.

There was a knock at the door. "Postpone it!" exclaimed Vivian. "Make any excuse you can. Plead illness of father, death of friend, anything but the truth."

The knock was repeated. "Have I your promise?" La Verne nodded as she turned to the door and opened it. Eugene Pareau was the visitor.

The two young men looked at each other for an instant, and then came

mutual recognition. As La Verne introduced them, Vivian extended his hand. It was haughtily refused by Pareau. Vivian bowed with an amused smile. "I demand an explanation of this man's presence," said Pareau in an angry tone.

Vivian, hat in hand, was about to leave the room when this was spoken. Pausing and looking La Verne full in the face, he awaited her answer.

"His visit was to my father," she said quietly.

"And his business?"

"Was with my father, and private."

Pareau did not know how to speak. He dared not betray anxiety, for fear La Verne would suspect him. He dared not demand an interview with her father for the same reason. In his anger and confusion he turned to Vivian. "You are a Girondist?"

Vivian bowed.

"How did you regard the king?" Pareau asked.

"As an unfortunate man who should have been protected at all hazards," answered Vivian.

"Why?"

"Because he was the victim of misfortune, and not a criminal."

"Then you are a friend of royalty?" asked Pareau with a sneer.

"No!" said Vivian. "The people in my village and I, myself, have suffered more from the injustice of royalty than you know or can imagine. I am not a friend of royalty. You know that royalty has been abolished in France, and the king put to death. He has always been unoffending."

"But he represented a class with which we can have no sympathy," said Pareau. "Royalty has been destroyed—its representatives must follow!"

"Would you then destroy men for what they have been and not for what they have done?" asked Vivian.

"Yes."

"As a lawyer, how would you characterize the destruction of a man who is acknowledged guiltless?" As Pareau hesitated, Vivian sharply answered his own question: "It is nothing less than murder! They who perpetrate it are execrable assassins!"

With angry countenance Pareau sprang toward Vivian, who faced him fearlessly. La Verne rushed between them. "Go!" she whispered to Vivian. Then as he hesitatingly obeyed her, she faced her lover, who was still pale with anger. Mastering himself as best he could, he attempted to draw her into conversation upon the subject of their marriage, but she seemed distrait and cold. Suspicious himself, he dared not question her for fear she would become so. Therefore, he had to content himself with a blunt demand that the wedding occur on the following day, as previously agreed.

To this she demurred, and asked for delay. He insisted on knowing the reason for the postponement. She treated the matter somewhat lightly, and chided him for his haste, but he would not be satisfied without her giving a reason.

"Then," said La Verne, "I wish to know the reason for your haste. When I tell you that the delay will suit my convenience, why do you not grant it?"

"I have no reason," he answered evasively, "except that the day has been set and arrangements are made. Delays are dangerous."

"Not so dangerous as undue haste in such a matter," answered the girl. "Is it not enough for me to tell you that I am not prepared for the wedding? I demand a week's delay. Surely if your love for me is as great as you protest, you will not hesitate to defer to my wishes in this most important of all matters."

Pareau knew that in one thing women are peculiar: They will not brook delay when they are inclined to promptness; and it is still harder for them to forgive undue haste when

their minds take a leisurely turn. Another reason compelled him to refrain from pressing his claim. According to French rules of propriety, the door between the room they occupied and that of M. Bremer was open, and every word was distinctly audible to the parent. Therefore, with ill-concealed vexation he left her.

She went to her father and heard from him of the plot Vivian had discovered. In her heart she was almost thankful that something had occurred to awaken her father's suspicion in Pareau's motives, for she felt the spell he had thrown over her by the use of her father's influence, breaking from her, and with it every tie binding her to her selfish lover.

As for Pareau, much as he desired it, it was too late for him to delay the execution of his plot. He had counted on marrying La Verne in the early morning and removing her to his own home, when he could excuse himself on the plea of urgent business, and join his confederates in serving the execution upon her father, should such a step be necessary in the scheme of extortion.

The next day the papers had been prepared and the party, Pareau leading, proceeded to the house to serve them upon the unfortunate Bremer. Pareau left the others at a short distance from the house, and went ahead to reconnoiter.

Vivian had not been idle during the night. Not long after midnight he had gone to acquaint La Verne and her father with his plan of action. They were both passive in his hands. He urged M. Bremer to consent to the removal of himself and his treasure to a distant part of the city, leaving the house, which was the only thing in jeopardy, to be seized by Pareau. Under cover of the darkness the transfer had been safely accomplished, and the miserly old man, happy in the possession of his wealth, was reconciled to the loss of his comparatively worthless home.

Approaching the gate, Pareau saw La Verne standing there. Breathlessly he ran to her and cried, "My sweet, come with me. An attacking party is coming, and you will have barely time to escape!"

He led her to a neighbor's house a few squares away, bidding her stay until he called for her. Then going to his companions, he led them to the place of plunder. As they entered the house, Pareau called in the name of the court which had issued the decree of execution, for the surrender of the house. No answer came. They passed from room to room, but all was still.

"The treasure is here," said Pareau, passing to the basement. The vault was open. Entering, they found it empty.

"Who among you has betrayed us?" Pareau demanded angrily. "Nothing remains here but a bare and empty house, hardly worth the seizing; for it may be burned to the ground or taken from us in the next brawl. Whose treasonable work is this?"

All were silent. Suddenly a light dawned upon Pareau. With an inward oath he cursed Vivian as the cause of the failure of their scheme. He understood now the delay in the wedding, though he tried to make himself believe La Verne still true to him and not fully aware of his treachery. Turning to his companions, he promised them all they had expected, but asked their patience. They had suspected him at first, but his anxious and nervous manner allayed their suspicion. They departed, while he went to the house where he had left La Verne.

Contrary to his expectation, she had watched the party approach her father's house under Pareau's leadership, thus confirming Vivian's report. She met him at the door.

"Thank God, you escaped!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, thank God, I *have* escaped!" she answered significantly.

"What do you mean?" he asked in affected surprise.

"I mean, Monsieur Pareau," she said, her flashing eyes adding fire to each word, "that your plot against my honor and my father's life and property has failed. My sense of duty to my father has been used by you to cloak your villainy. Under that disguise you received my promise of marriage. The removal of the cloak shows you in your true light, and that promise is withdrawn. Leave me. I hope I shall never see you again and that you may never know how your purpose was thwarted."

"I know all!" he vehemently exclaimed. "The Girondist has betrayed me. Your first wish shall not be realized, for I shall see you once more, when my revenge against Duruy is wrought. Your second wish is already disappointed."

As Pareau stepped into the street, he met Marie Latour. His look of baffled rage told her that her warning to Vivian had not been vain, though she did not know the nature of his disappointment. He saw her sarcastic smile. He knew he had seen her before, but when or where he could not tell. As he passed her, he instinctively coupled her with Vivian in the betrayal of his purpose. He swore an oath of revenge upon both.

CHAPTER XVII.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.

Holmes.

La Verne understood now the seeming impertinence of Vivian, and she hastened to the place of her father's concealment to assure herself of his safety and to warn their preserver against the threats of Pareau. She found them both anxiously awaiting her return. It had been Vivian's wish that she should witness the treachery of Pareau, since she and her father had hesitated to believe him capable of it. Her account of the transaction removed all doubt, and the gratitude of father and daughter was unbounded.

Vivian was not surprised at Pareau's suspicion of him. Nor did he share the alarm felt and expressed by La Verne. She was extremely anxious for his safety. "We owe you such a debt of gratitude," she said, "as it will be impossible for us to pay. If in addition to this we must assume the debt of your own personal danger, it will be most regrettable."

"My dear young lady," he said, "do not think for moment that my connection with this matter will increase the danger to which I am exposed. Inconceivable perils are before me. With others who have befriended Louis XVI., I will be accused of sympathy with the monarchy, and the determined efforts of the extremists may sweep us to destruction. But come what will, I shall denounce with my whole soul the execution of the king, even to the loss of my own life."

"When will this cruel struggle end?" cried La Verne.

"I do not know," said Vivian. "It is now February 15th. The suffering of the French people will increase during the coming months. Their representatives will use that suffering as a pretense for extreme measures. The Mountainists are determined to rule or ruin. They may do both."

The Girondists had been denounced by the Mountainists, as enemies of the people. The threat had been repeatedly made that the work of the convention would be completed by sending to the scaffold all who had opposed the execution of the king.

Two months had passed since the frustration by Vivian of Pareau's plot. The gratitude of M. Bremer and his daughter had been often expressed during Vivian's frequent

visits at their residence. He took their protestations of friendship and gratitude in a spirit of becoming modesty, but a feeling was springing up in his heart which he welcomed at first with a vague, indefinite joy, but which afterward became a source of great anxiety to him. He was beginning to love the fair La Verne for her beauty, her nobility of character, and especially her self-sacrifice for her somewhat miserly and selfish father.

When the denunciation of the Girondists on the part of the Mountainists made him acquainted with his full danger, he determined upon the complete cessation of his visits to the Bremers, lest his increasing affection for La Verne should make him less ready to meet manfully whatever fate might come to him through the performance of his duty; and lest the danger confronting him should be shared by her. Therefore, for six weeks he remained at his lodging when not engaged in the labors of the convention.

Each day of his absence from La Verne's side taught him his weakness more and more plainly. Not only was he becoming more strongly conscious of his love for her, but his pride was daily receiving a severe shock from the fact that she seemed not to miss his visits. As is common in such cases, he became moody and disconsolate. His chagrin increased to such an extent that he felt the keenest regret at having continued his acquaintance with her at all.

The turbulence of the convention meetings increased. The severest measures were introduced by the Mountainists to lessen the power of the Girondists. Vivian saw that the destruction of the latter party was merely a question of time and opportunity, and therefore he was prepared for the worst. Several times during this oppressing period Marie Latour had visited him and each visit had carried to his heart a sense of calm and nobility and steadfastness which assisted him mightily in facing the events he now believed inevitable. But while he could recognize the overwhelming love of the girl for him, he felt no recompensing affection for her.

It was now June 1, 1793. The day had been dismal and rainy, and the evening was closing upon the city with clouds and with mutterings of thunder. Oppressed by the stifling air and with a sense of coming danger, Vivian lay upon his bed, his head buried in the pillows. A light knock sounded on his door, but he did not hear it. It was repeated, but his head was buried in the pillows and the sound was inaudible. The door was slowly opened, and La Verne Bremer entered the room. Hesitating a moment on the threshold, she saw the mournful figure on the bed and hastened thither. Vivian arose as her hand was placed lightly on his brow. She took both his hands in hers and covered them with kisses.

"At last I have found you," she sobbed. "Cruel, cruel to stay away so long! For weeks I have sought you. At the adjournment of the convention I have waited, but each time the sight of Pareau has frightened me away. Why have you not come to me?"

Her arms were about his neck and she was sobbing with grief upon his shoulder. Leading her to a chair and seating himself at her side, he answered her.

"My La Verne, the comfort you have just brought me is like the holy kiss of peace to a condemned man. I will tell you why I have held myself from you, my girl. I saw that my frequent visits to you were arousing within me a love which should not be permitted to grow. I have no right to love, much less to be beloved and to wed. My life is devoted to my country's good. Sweet as wife would be to me, dearer yet is my own land and its people. Knowing that I loved you, I feared that you might be made unhappy by

learning to return my affection. Therefore my duty prompted me to leave you. Day after day, week after week, I have been in exile. My love for you, instead of diminishing, has increased. But I am thankful that the pain I suffer shall not be borne by you also. Farewell, La Verne. When the knife of the assassin has fallen upon me, forget all my life save its devotion to my country!"

Through her tears she regarded him proudly. "Vivian, if your life is devoted to your country, mine is to you. If difficulty comes to you, let me make it easier to overcome. If death comes, which God forbid, let me share it. I love you. May we not hope that our love will not be vain?"

He shook his head mournfully as he kissed her. "Leave me for the present," he said. "I shall come again to see you. Till then, farewell. It will not be wise for you to stay longer."

Clasping her in his arms again, he led her weeping to the door. Neither had heard the sob which sounded upon the stair as Vivian declared his love for La Verne. Neither had seen Marie Latour, wringing her hands in despair, run down the stairs into the street. Neither saw her press her head against the cool, damp wall, while the rain descended and mingled with her tears. The only light her life had known had gone out forever!

Laertes.

To be continued.

GRUMBLING AND FAULT-FINDING.

I EMBRACED the Gospel when twenty-one years of age and gathered to Nauvoo two months thereafter, in 1841. Having been reared in a secluded rural district, I had little knowledge of men and things. All were strangers to me in the city of the Saints. I was there to learn all I could about the Church, the city, and all connected therewith. I soon made the acquaintance of several persons, some of whom took extra pains to give me their views in relation to the Church, the policy of the Prophet, etc., as I was a new convert and needed information. Among these new acquaintances was a gentleman from my native State. He was of ripe years, a physician, and at one time a preacher in a Christian church, had some knowledge of scripture, and considered himself a man of some ability, which he did not think was appreciated by the Prophet and the Church.

He had been with the Church sometime, and understood the run of things, as he supposed. He represented the Prophet as having a few select men around him, a kind of ring or favorites whom he put forward in all places of honor and trust among the people. They were in the High Council. They were in the City Council. They constituted the officers of the Nauvoo Legion. He would run over the names in each department to show that they were nearly the same all the way round, while other men of ability were passed by and ignored. I heard all this but did not partake of his spirit. I watched his course until he lost sight of the kingdom, apostatized and returned to the world with all his family.

The Prophet was entirely innocent of the inconsistency imputed to him; it might have looked so to a jealous, envious mind. But what were the facts: The Prophet was called to organize the Church and lay the foundation of the great Latter-day work, which was very extensive, including many important positions to be filled by men, and he had no tried material to use. The members of the Church were new and he had to use such as he could get. Nearly one-half of the officers proved unfit,

turned traitor, and sought to destroy the Prophet and the Church. He narrowly escaped death many times at the hands of false brethren.

At the time my new aquaintance was posting me in the matter of fault-finding, the Prophet had a few men around him whom he had proven, who had stood many tests and could be relied on. Like a wise, prudent man he used them in every place where it was possible to do so, so as not to depend on untried people in important positions, when it could be avoided. He learned the wisdom of this course by sad experience. New material was introduced with caution. But notwithstanding all this precaution he was finally betrayed to his death by false brethren.

President Young pursued the same course, and on one occasion I heard him say, when looking around for men to fill positions, "We no doubt have the men, but we don't know them, they are untried." President Young took the band of tried men the Prophet had trained and formed a nucleus, which gradually increased as the work advanced, and he was not troubled so much by the influence of traitors. He was, however, followed up by fault-finders, grumblers and critics all his days (and that element is still in the land), but those who indulged in that spirit and did not repent of it invariably dropped out of sight and were lost. Some of them thought they were "big guns" and would make a powerful impression. They fired their artillery, burnt some powder and made the atmosphere smell of brimstone for a brief period, but it soon disappeared and the body of tried material stood solid, increasing all the time, standing firm against all opposition.

In 1851 when I returned from a year's mission in the interest of the emigration, I attended a little social party in Salt Lake City, where I met with an old friend who was an Elder of some prominence. He called my attention to the improvements that had been made in the past year, particularly to some paint on the outside of President Young's house. He said he liked that. "I want the man who leads me to set up a high mark and example worthy of imitation." At that time nearly the entire people lived under dirt roofs, and such a thing as paint on a house was almost unknown. This same man filled a public position for many years in Salt Lake City, one of honor and profit enough for a living, but not being very progressive he was superceded and left to exist on his own resources. Not being prepared for such a condition it was a little uphill with him from that time.

Sometime after President Young's death, I met my old friend near Godbe's corner. I had not seen him for years, he looked a little seedy and not so cheerful in his countenance. We had a few minutes conversation, and he called my attention to the changed condition of the people; they appeared to be running after the god of this world. "Our leading men are after it," he said. "It got away with Brigham before his death, and the outlook for Zion is gloomy."

He seemed to be in the fog. There had been a remarkable change in his sentiments. Having been intimately acquainted with President Young's public life for thirty-four years, I was a little surprised to hear him talk so, knowing that he also had been acquainted with President Young during the same period of time. Like the charge against the Prophet this is without any foundation. President Young was blessed with and handled a great deal of means, but he was not a worshiper of Mammon. On the contrary, he used his means and labor for the good of the people, building mills and factories, and making improvements throughout the Territory, giving employment to thousands of men. His employes

received their pay in full for their labor. He was never confronted with a strike. He founded a college and an academy that bear his name. He used his means in gathering and colonizing the poor, so they could have homes of their own and become self-sustaining. He would visit the settlements every year, give them his personal supervision and wise counsel, like a father. He did not build a $100,000. residence and put $50,000, worth of furniture in it, which he might have done, but he lived and died in unpretentious adobe buildings, which can be seen to this day. He proved himself a great benefactor.

When the handcart emigration was in vogue a sister said to me, "I wouldn't pull a handcart across the plains for Brigham Young." I replied, "I would not either, but if I was at the Missouri River and wanted to come to Zion, and had no better arrangement, I would pull a handcart for myself." She afterwards went to California for fear she would have to do something for Brigham Young.

Murmuring and fault-finding lead to infidelity, apostasy and death. Of over six hundred thousand men who left Egypt under Moses, and witnessed the power of God in such majesty in their deliverance, only two reached the promised land. They were smitten and cut off and their bones left to bleach on the desert, because of their rebellion, murmuring and fault-finding. Their children were led into the promised land by Joshua and Caleb, who did not murmur. What an object lesson for those who feel like grumbling and finding fault! *John Brown.*

PRIVATE PARMELEE.

Colonel Black sat alone in a small room overlooking the parade-ground, varying the labor of inditing an official-looking letter, with momentary physical manœuvers in regard to his position at the window—executed with a view to challenging anything at all suspicious in the way of a breeze which might by chance be loitering about the premises.

It was only the fifteenth of June, but out on the sweltering Arizona plains where the fort was located, with nothing whatever in the way of foliage to shelter the houses from the scorching sun-rays, it might surely have passed for the middle of August.

Leaning his head out of the window presently, a tactic occasioned by the heavy siege of temperature within the room, the commander gazed casually across the parade to the commissary's store, where a rapidly accumulating group of men, gathering on and about the porch, seemed to be participating in some interesting discussion. Such a gathering was not an unusual sight, the location of the telegraph and post-office in the building making the spot a general news rendezvous for the camp; and as the rumor of a sheep-shearing at Crawley's caused an equal show of excitement in the quiet garrison with that of an attack by the Indians, the commander experienced at seeing them only the natural curiosity occasioned by the suggestion of some fresh piece of news or gossip in course of circulation in the camp. As he turned quietly back to his work, a figure left the group and came rapidly toward the Colonel's house.

"What is it, Parmelee?" asked the Colonel as the figure appeared in the doorway.

The trim, good-looking young orderly advanced towards his superior officer with the military salute and a slip of paper.

"A dispatch, sir, from Fort Walters."

"Indians threatening?"

"No, sir! ladies."

A quick twinkle momentarily located the gray eyes known to be somewhere in covert under the Colonel's bushy brows—as a stray sun-ray sometimes betrays the pool hidden under a shed of willows.

He had a quiet liking for the unexpected humor showing sometimes through the habitual reserve, or moroseness, as some of the men termed it—of his young orderly's demeanor.

After the telegram had been read, the twinkle became focussed on Parmelee's frank eye.

"Only two of the enemy, I see," said the Colonel, "and one of them rendered harmless by having a husband. You young fellows will be the targets for the other, and must look well to your ammunition. By the way," he continued, a sudden thought coming to him, "Colonel Brinton wants an escort of a dozen or more sent out as far as the pass to relieve his guard, and bring the party into camp. Would you like to go, Parmelee?"

The young man hesitated.

"It will be a change," said the colonel.

"I prefer not to go, I thank you, sir."

"Very well, Parmelee; however, if you should change your mind after thinking it over, let me know. The men won't start for an hour."

The inactive life at the fort made any kind of service eagerly welcomed by the majority of the men in the garrison, and a hundred would have been glad of the privilege of accompanying the little expedition.

But Parmelee did not go. It was another of the many instances of retirement and reserve, which had branded him in the minds of the majority of his comrades as being "proud and peculiar."

The Colonel, in fact, was the only one who understood the young soldier's character well enough to make him sympathize with his excentricities. Educated, of good family, and with refined tastes and breeding, the boy had been transplanted suddenly from an environment according with his tastes and training, to the severe discipline of the army, the meagre comforts of a remote western post, and the unsatisfactory, if not absolutely unendurable society of the class of men commonly belonging to barracks.

He had accepted the conditions voluntarily, and held his peace heroically because of it—living up to them with good faith, and trying manfully to harden his sensitiveness even to its most repulsive trials.

The struggle was an unequal one, however, and his fine instincts triumphed, their sinews having a Samsonic strength, wrought by the spell of heredity and training.

What made it worse for him was the stifling monotony of life, in place of the stirring action anticipated. It was the time when the Apache outrages throughout the Territory had roused the Government to the necessity of taking prompt and severe measures for either annihilating or permanently quelling the murderous hordes who were a constant menace to the lives and property of the settlers in the sparsely populated portions of the Territory.

The rumor of the exciting times anticipated for the troops who were to be sent down to accomplish the difficult task, was what had first given Parmelee the idea of enlisting; and there were other weightier motives which tended finally to induce the step. As he had had no military training before joining the army, he necessarily took place in the ranks—a position more endurable during their journey to their destination, with its unspoiled anticipations, than in the routine of camp service, and the inactive garrison life. The bloody battles which had been in prospect were so far

unfought, the Indians having observed a very circumspect behavior since the arrival of the troops in the region.

Only an occasional "scare" had broken the monotony of their six months' stay, resulting usually in a vain search or reconnoiter. Parmelee was weary of it almost to the desperation of resigning. Only his primal resolution to "stay out" the term of his enlistment under whatever trial, kept him from going; any place where life might hold at least the possibility of endeavor—even if leading eventually to defeat.

The commander, sensing something of the boy's misery, sympathized to the extent of "taking him up," treating him as an equal so far as the military code permitted, and making his life more bearable in many ways.

He had in the first place chosen him as orderly, depriving the office as far as possible, of menial duties, using it as an excuse rather for having the young private continually about him; giving him a room at his own house aud thus taking him permanently away from the barracks. This and other favors were accorded, only the boy's sensitiveness and pride interfering in the iudulgence of the comparative social freedom which it was at his will to enjoy.

With regard to his last freak of reserve, shown in declining a service which the Colonel had reason for believing would be specially grateful to the ennuied young soldier, the commander was at a loss to decide. It was a mystery to which Parmelee himself alone held the key.

The act in reality hinged on an episode which figured as the one romance of his life.

During a summer's vacation (in his college days) spent with a friend in Colorado, he had met a Miss Hubbard (a name which his infatuation gave him good reason to remember) and Hubbard was the name of the ladies mentioned in Colonel Black's dispatch as being on their way to the fort. He could not of course know, until the party arrived, if this Miss Hubbard were *she;* but the thought of it brought a thrill of mingled pleasure and dread to his heart; pleasure at thinking of her as near, and dread at realizing the change which had taken place in his position since he had last seen her, and which would prevent his claiming her recognition or enjoying her society should she in reality appear. For this extremely conscientious young private was a great stickler with regard to transcending the privileges of his position, being violently tenacious of bearing practically in mind the proverb of "knowing one's place and keeping it." Hence his refusal to make one of the escort, lest by so doing he might place himself in the humiliating light of virtually forcing the renewal of an acquaintance, which she, (if it indeed proved to be the heroine of his experience,) might have little desire to continue.

The party whom the United States troops were obligingly escorting through the doubtful region consisted of but three persons; Mr. Dwight Hubbard a somewhat noted war correspondent, who was in the Indian country in the interest of a newspaper syndicate—and his wife and daughter who had been summoned suddenly from "the east" to Arizona by the illness of Mrs. Crawley of "the ranch" near by—the latter lady being a sister of Mrs. Hubbard and desirous of having the presence of her relative at what she believed to be her death bed. As the region between Fort Walters and the place of their destination was supposed to be "infested" with the Indians, it was considered unsafe for the little party to travel without a guard, and Colonel Brinton had volunteered an escort for a part of the distance, telegraphing his brother officer in command at Fort Miles for a relief-guard to meet them at the point designated.

Crawley's ranch, or "Crawley's," as it was familiarly called, was something less than two miles from the fort.

It consisted of a handsome dwelling house, barns, corrals, and some thousands of head of stock, being one of the largest ranches in Arizona. It was this fact principally which had led to the establishment of a military fort in the locality, the amount of stock kept on the ranch being considered a probable cause of temptation, in case any inclination to further depredations might exist on the part of the Indians.

There had been a number of "scares" at Crawley's, the result of false alarms, occasioned principally by Mrs. Crawley's weak nerves, the lady being afflicted with an hysteric temperament at whose instance the troops had been several times summoned after nightfall to the ranch, to take part in protecting it from a raid which had action only in the ambush of gray matter secreted in the excitable lady's cranium.

The place was, in fact, the best protected in the region, having besides the presence of the troops in the vicinity, the added safeguard of a sound stockade enclosing the buildings and corrals, and also the employment of a large number of men about the place—a fact which perhaps accounted for its having thus far escaped any serious danger. The inmates were thus reasonably secure from peril even if an attack were attempted.

As the advent of visitors, and especially of ladies in the locality was an unusual event, it was determined to press upon them the hospitality of the fort, at least in the way of a dinner—the ranch being far enough distant to favor the idea of their resting an hour or so, before going on, and Mrs. Crawley's improved condition ensuring no necessity for immediate haste.

The reception was to take place at the colonel's house, and the news of it augmented the doubtful sensation which Eric Parmelee's heart experienced at the mention of the name in the telegram. Doubtful it might never have been termed were his position but unchanged since that time he had last met his only flame. Joy alone would have vibrated that sensitized organ, at the thought of a probable meeting. But, what had a private in the army, in common with that happy, aspiring, and confident youth who had walked and talked with the bright girl in the mountains that blissful summer two years ago? How like a nightmare the ensuing time! His father's financial failure, and death; confidence changed to doubt; affluence to poverty and then months of disheartening efforts to obtain work, ending always in failure—till he had come to this! A rich soil certainly for the growth of morbid sensitiveness, though the weed had not killed out his flower of manly courage. Hardship and defeat and danger he could still meet. But Dora—!

He was the first to sight the little cavalcade that crawled around the jut of the distant hills; and recognized her before any of the forms or faces were distinguishable by the others. She was riding in front of the party with Lieutenant Page, who had been sent in charge of the escort; and Eric knew her trim figure and graceful carriage from having seen her often in the saddle when they were together in Colorado. He watched her from the colonel's porch till the party were within easy view of the Fort; then, his heart beating wildly and rebelliously, he went away.

The leave he had asked for, gave him freedom till sunset, and he hoped, and yet half feared, as he returned toward evening from his long ride, that she would be gone. But she was not. The road to the stables led past the parallel line of officers' houses, and as he reached Colonel Black's door, the party of strangers were mounting for departure at the

porch. Lieutenant Page who was to accompany them, had dismounted and was holding his horse with one hand, trying with the other to tighten the girth of the horse upon which sat Dora.

His eye fell suddenly on Parmelee, and the unneccessarily sharp and commanding tone, always exasperating to the men, rang out abruptly.

"Orderly!"

Parmelee drew rein, instinctively giving the salute.

"Here—I want you a moment." Then, as Parmelee hesitated, "Hurry up can't you? I'm wanting you now; to-night." Every eye fell upon Parmelee.

The hot blood surged for a moment, then left his face.

The next instant the Colonel's voice sounded from the doorway.

"You have made a mistake, lieutenant. Parmelee is not on duty. Let me attend to that saddle."

Parmelee rode on.

Some time later, from his window in the little room under the roof, he watched Dora's lithe young figure, riding jauntily the slim, black creature sent down from the ranch for her convenience; watched it along the road and up the slope of the hillside till it passed from view,—dimmed by the distance and falling night.

For the ensuing week, the arrival of the new-comers at the ranch was the reigning excitement, the ladies and officers of the garrison keeping the road between the fort and Crawley's hard beaten by their pilgrimages to that little social Mecca created by the presence of the interesting strangers within the stockade.

Then, this pleasant and peaceful excitement was supplanted by the sensation of a dispatch from Fort Walters telling the news of a fresh Indian outbreak, carrying various sickening details; and bidding the commander prepare for a campaign whose plan was an unrelenting search for the copper-skinned assassins throughout the region, to the end of engaging them in open and final warfare.

For two days the fort was in the bustle of preparation. Then finally the troops were off, marching by the way of Pym's Pass, to join Colonel Brinton's forces in Red Ditch Valley, some twenty-five miles to the west. They were to scour the mountains rising between the two points, on either side of the Pass, and the slopes of the main range as far as Red Ditch where the chain branched to the north, and there await the coming of Colonel Brinton who was in chief command. Then they would join forces, marching across the divide to accomplish a joint search of the region which was the supposed stronghold of the Apache warriors. The careful scouting east of Red Ditch was seemingly superfluous, as the Indians had been reported, upon almost certain authority, to have crossed the divide. But so often had these eel-like foes slipped through the fingers of the pursuing troops sent in search of them after some similiar attack that Colonel Brinton was determined in this instance to leave no possible loophole for an escape, though feeling that the locality about the fort at least, was secure even to a certainty.

After a fruitless siege of scouting among the shagging brush and timber on the mountain slopes along the way, Colonel Black's command found itself, at the end of four days, encamped at Red Ditch, conscience clear, in the conviction of having fulfilled the commencement of their mission with dutiful success.

Colonel Brinton, who was pursuing equal pains along his route towards the rendezvous, was not due, according to his own calculations, till the sixth of July, leaving the others three days' rest upon the terra cotta sands of the creek which had christened the valley, while awaiting his coming.

The first day in camp was an extremely quiet one. Towards evening, Mr. Dwight Hubbard, who was

picking up syndicate items with the expedition, rode back to spend the Fourth at the ranch, the almost absolute probability being that nothing of consequence would be on the tapis till Colonel Brinton's arrival at Red Ditch. Lieutenant Page, who had been a constant visitor at Crawley's of late, obtained leave to accompany him, the plea of sending some important telegraphic messages from the Fort giving him excuse for asking the privilege. Eric Parmelee saw the two men ride away with indescribable sensations. All the misery of his half-year of camp life could not compare in intensity with the experience crowded into the past two weeks. He would willingly have endured a decade of loneliness and monotony for the chance of enjoying equal liberty, for one day, with the supercilious fop who was privileged to visit Dora, and yet no sacrifice that he might make could render possible this boon.

It happened, however, that Parmelee also had a holiday on the Fourth. Early in the morning a messenger rode in from Colonel Brinton, having word to deliver that a rumor had reached the latter yesterday from across the divide, that a scouting party of Indians had been seen in the neighborhood of Pym's Pass; a rumor, which, if true, necessitated the immediate return of the troops to the locality from whence they had come, especially in view of the poorly-defended fort, and Crawley's.

Colonel Black laughed at the rumor.

"Go back and tell Colonel Brinton that I have thrashed every inch of rock and shrub and thicket around the Pass, and there's nothing hiding there but ground-squirrels."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I'm not to go back; I'm to go on."

"Go on? Where?"

"To the fort, sir, unless you should choose to send someone in my place. Colonel Brinton's order was that they should be apprised of the rumor, in any case."

"The order shall be carried out immediately. Parmelee, tell Sergeant Wells——"

The orderly's eyes were potent in their expression.

"You don't care to make the ride back, I suppose, Parmelee?"

"If you please, yes, sir."

"Very well. You had better start at once."

"Thank you, sir."

"You will know what to tell them, Parmelee, with regard to our search. There is no need for causing them to suffer alarm."

"Very well, sir."

"There will be no harm in taking precautions for yourself. You may have a companion if you choose."

"Thank you, sir, I have no fears."

"You have every reason for feeling assured of safety. I shall look for you back before midnight."

"Oh, yes, sir."

Once out on the lonely road, Parmelee took himself guiltily to task. Only a weak fool would have yielded to that impulse. What did it matter that the colonel and men knew nothing of the secret which was the half motive for his desiring this errand? Was it not bad enough to acknowledge to himself the power of this unsafe yearning to be back again, if only for a moment, near the spot where someone was staying? He, himself, could scarcely understand the impulse.

He had hailed the news which had taken him away from the fort as something of a providence; and, once out of sight of the familiar roof tops of the ranch-buildings, he had felt as if suddenly turned adrift from home. It was actually true, since she had been there, that his life, deprived, as it was, of all the privileges and ambitions which had been his in those former times, had yet seemed to inhale something of the aroma of the past happy days.

Conscious as he was that he might

not see her again, an almost homesick desire had taken possession of him to be back once more within sight, at least, of the spot that held her presence. Now that the opportunity had come, he fell to railing at himself as a weakling.

Thus we doom ourselves to fret at seeming mistakes, as the mere maunderings of our uncertain, human will; whilst above the blindness and tumult of our tears and sighs, flies the white angel of destiny, silently guiding us through din and darkness towards the goal of appointed deeds.

Parmelee made a leisurely ride, reaching the fort early in the afternoon. He could well afford the three or four hours of rest there after his arrival, as it was his plan to time his return during the twilight and moonlight, thus avoiding the heat of the day.

His message occasioned some little consternation with the ladies, who were always apprehensive during the absence of the troops from the fort.

Parmelee's report of the thorough scouting accomplished on their way westward, and the impossibility of the Indians having made a detour to the north across the mountains and back since their search, almost wholly restored confidence to the weaker ones ; the men, however, having no belief whatever in their being in the vicinity.

"Oive seen the time when a word like that wud a put the hair uv my head on stilts," said Sergeant McFlynn, "but we've had too many calls from Crawley's to scare at the likes of it again. Seein' is believin', is the motto now wid the boys and the redskins, and the next time my hair moves on account of them it'll be with the help of a tommy-hawk."

At sunset Parmelee set out on his return to Red Ditch.

He took the road leading north towards the ranch, purposing to strike the branch road which led from the latter place to the Pass, choosing the ride through the timber skirting the hillslopes, rather than across the dusty plain. Another motive, too, perhaps, had hand in the choice. Not that he ventured to think of seeing her. That, of course, was out of the question. But the yearning and homesickness had grown poignant during the day, and it was something like a devotional pilgrimage which he chose to make to the edge of the premises which enshrined his idol. Once in the shadow of the trees beyond the ranch he turned about, gazing for a moment at the high walls of the stockade which shut from him any glimpse which might have been visible of the sweet girl who had for so long occupied his thoughts—giving wing to all his purest and highest aspirations; then he rode on.

The road ran along the slope of foothills mounting gradually to the peaks of the spur, branched southward across the plain, and where they grew steep, wound down a short incline to the level, thence on to the entrance of Pym's Pass, a narrow gorge cutting in two the mountain arm, which otherwise formed a barrier separating the Red Ditch Valley from the fort.

Reaching the edge of the incline Parmelee suddenly drew rein.

The sun had set behind the peaks, leaving the eastern slopes in shadow; but up over the crests of the thickly timbered hills was a marvelous sky, aflame with reflections from the blood-red disk poised somewhere below the horizon; and Parmelee's pulse quickened involuntarily at the picture made by the stretch of shrubless, twilight desert, with its gorgeous background of hills and sky. Suddenly his gaze became riveted to a certain point. Up near the edge of a slope to the northward, something was moving. The thick growth of trees and shrubs made the object or objects indistinct, though they were not far distant. Obeying an impulse,

he drew further back where the trees, growing on the upper side of the road sheltered him from sight. The motion was lost as he looked again, but became visible in a moment some distance up the mountain side. It might be some stray cattle, or horses from the ranch perhaps, but Parmelee felt inclined to watch. The sky gleamed brilliant behind the hedge of trees on the near crests, showing patches here and there through small gaps made by some thinner growth of cedars. A mile away these gaps were indistinguishable; here, they were plainly seen.

Parmelee's eye followed the motion towards one of these spaces. Then his heart gave a great bound. Two figures became outlined for an instant against the slender panel of red sky. They were Indians.

He waited a few moments irresolute. Whether to ride straight on to Red Ditch in all possible haste with the news, or back to the fort to apprise them of his discovery, was difficult to decide. Every moment was precious. The presence of the enemy in the locality could mean but one thing; and it were lucky if the absent troops reached the spot in time to avert some tragedy. One could not guess what might happen with the nightfall. On the other hand, warning ought certainly to be given at the fort. But how compass both these errands without serious loss of time! The fort was five miles distant either across the plain or by the way he had come. To traverse the distance twice—ten miles. Wonderfully fortunate thought! Crawley's was but two miles behind him, and one of the ranchmen could ride with the message to the fort. Parmelee turned quickly, putting spurs to his horse.

Outside the enclosure he delivered his news to Hank Crawley, who happened himself to be at the gates. This done, he had turned to go, when the voice of Lieutenant Page, who had heard the dialogue, summoned him from inside. Flushing and furious for many reasons, Parmelee obeyed.

They were all on the veranda: Mrs. Crawley, who was recovered; her sister, Dwight Hubbard, Lieutenant Page and Dora. As he rode up to the group, Parmelee glanced at her, raising his hat—then he kept his eyes on the Lieutenant.

"What brings you here, Parmelee?" asked the latter.

Parmelee recited his errand to the fort.

"And this news you were telling Mr. Crawley?"

With emphatic brevity, Parmelee told his story.

Lieutenant Page heard him through silently, and smiled.

"Parmelee," he said, "you're not going to carry this back to camp with you?"

Parmelee stared.

Hank Crawley, who had himself received the story with good-natured unconcern, broke into a laugh. Eph. Trent, one of the hands employed about the place, who had sauntered near, attracted by the new voice, grinned broadly and disappeared around the corner of the house. Mrs. Crawley, whose nerves hitherto had answered spontaneously to any cause, imaginary or real, appealing to her chronic fear of an Indian attack, now displayed an heroic contempt for danger as astonishing as it was entertaining in view of the sensational surrenders, or rather overtures, which she was in the habit of making to such demands upon her credulity.

"You can't frighten us with stories about Indians;" she exclaimed lightly. "We have heard too many of them to be at all alarmed now. It is probably your imagination—that about seeing two of them on the hill. It must have been trees, or cattle. It's not possible the Indians would dare to venture so near the fort. They are too cowardly. I'm not at all afraid."

Parmelee listened in amazement. Then he turned to the Lieutenant.

"You think, then, sir, that it is best not to have word of this reported at the fort?"

"Not unless you choose to deliver it yourself."

"Very well, sir."

"I for one am rather sorry not to have this taken seriously," said Dwight Hubbard in good-natured raillery; "it spoils a good article for my syndicate. If I hadn't already gotten off my letter stating that I had taken personal part in 'a search so thorough that not the briars of a single bush remained unbeaten,' I should devote at least a column to the story at any rate. When the question of a newspaper correspondent's veracity is at stake, however, everything must be sacrificed."

Parmelee bowed silently, and raising his hand in salute, turned to ride away.

A soft voice sounding close behind him arrested his movement.

"Mr. Parmelee," it said, "I am afraid you are not going to recognize me. We met, if you will remember, in the mountains in Colorado some two years ago."

Dora's hand was stretched up to him and Eric took it, as one in a dream. She introduced him to her parents and then immediately asked:

"Is it not something of a risk under the circumstances to ride back to camp alone, Mr. Parmelee: you yourself, might be attacked."

The Lieutenant, it was, who answered her question.

"There is no possible risk, Miss Hubbard," he said decisively; "and but very little excuse for your having been put to alarm."

Parmelee turned pale. He looked for a moment steadily into the Lieutenant's eyes, then he rode away.

He reached the point where the road branched towards the fort, his heart filled with a dozen conflicting emotions. Rage at the insufferable treatment accorded him; self-reproach at having placed himself in the humiliating position; joy at the unexpected friendliness and sympathy evinced by Dora; all these surged tumultuously. There had been one purpose in his mind upon leaving the ranch; to ride back at once to Red Ditch, without further word either there or at the fort of his discovery of the Indians in the vicinity. Was it not possible, indeed, that the distance had deceived him? At least he had done all that could be asked,—now, if anything came of it, the blame and punishment must fall to those who had chosen to scoff at his warning. He would risk no further humiliation at the hands of his comrades at the fort by the recital of the story. His suffering had already been ample!

But, then,—those helpless ones at the fort,—and the ranch! If his sight and surmise had indeed been true, and a raid were really threatened by the presence of the Indians in the vicinity, personal considerations must weigh lightly against his obligation. It was a bitter struggle for Parmelee, made more so through the doubts awakened in his own breast, by the lightness and unconcern with which his fear had been treated, and yet, deep under it, abided his conviction of certainty. Hard indeed was the conflict between those hostile emotions.

Pride, panoplied in grace of right, and brandishing his spear of wounded self-esteem, fought against duty; and the victory at last won by the pale opponent, was the brightest of any field, wrought as it was by prowess of innate good.

Parmelee's mood impressed the men at the fort with instant seriousness, and before he went away they were at work, taking extra precaution for defense in case of sudden attack.

The ride across the desert to the Pass seemed an endless one to Eric, darkened as it was with unpleasant memories of the last few hours.

Yet through the gloom of these filtered a slender ray of light, wrought by the thought of a certain gleam of tenderness which had looked out at him through the friendliness of Dora's eyes.

As he reached the mountains, he turned to look back.

Far away, the lights from the fort and Crawley's were like tiny yellow dots in the darkness—solitary signs of habitation and humanity in the threatening loneliness of desert. Unsafe havens, surely, from cunning and cupidity, inspiring to action countless savage hearts!

With an involuntary shiver Parmelee turned his horse's head towards the Pass.

"It's all right, old fellow," he said, reassuringly to the horse, tossing his head stubbornly at the entrance to the yawning darkness.

The next moment he drew rein, listening intently.

From the other side of the gorge came the sound of hoof-beats—not single, but successive, as of many feet.

Could it be the troops returning? They might, indeed, have learned already what he was on his way to announce, and were retracing their steps, hoping to entrap the enemy. Or, could it be—

A clump of tall shrubs some little distance up the slope, offered a temporary refuge and vantage spot, and gaining it, quickly and quietly, Parmelee laid a tight hand on the bit and waited.

Somewhere below the foothills lying beyond the fort, the moon was hiding—another hour promising the cue for her appearance. But the hint of her light was already on the landscape, and into it, from the shadow of the gorge, Parmelee saw presently file a seemingly interminable procession of Apache warriors.

They were in double line, and his heart sickened to see the length of it stretching gradually out upon the plain.

They moved slowly, probably from motives of stealth; and to Parmelee, almost mad with impatience, it seemed that the last pair would never issue from the defile.

Once they were all out, and a safe distance between them and the echoing gorge, Parmelee spurred into the darkness.

A few yards beyond its further entrance his senses were paralyzed by a sudden shrill whoop sounding close in front.

Then, with a wild dash, he swept through the half-dozen yelling Indians closing about him, and sped on, the shots, and hoof-beats of his pursurers' horses beating hotly after him upon the road.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the little group whom Parmelee had encountered at Crawley's were still upon the porch.

Lieutenant Page's leave extended until the next day, and he had been urged to spend the night at the ranch —an invitation which he was glad to accept, in anticipation of the delightful evening to be spent in a certain charming presence.

They had waited up to see the moon rise over the desert—a view which had since held them enchanted; the slow ascent of the silver globe from the low hills toward the zenith, carrying some new and strange phase of beauty to the landscape at each succeeding stride.

"It had been worth losing sleep, to see," said Dwight Hubbard, as they all arose at length to go into the house, and pausing to look out once more upon the stretch of silver flooded plain.

"Yes, if Dora had only had her muffler," said Mrs. Crawley.

The fidgety invalid had made repeated attempts to transform her niece into the indistinguishable shape produced by her own multiplicity of wraps,—during the evening, regardless of that young lady's personal

inclination or temperature, of mind and body.

"You can't expect to doctor other people for your own complaint, Emmie," said her husband good-naturedly, "Dora don't mind a little breath of fresh air."

"You must all notice that phrase—he applies it even to cyclones and blizzards. Of course it's all in a joke, but I detest jokes. I believe in taking life seriously, I'm sure I have reasons to; it's been serious enough for me. I've often told Hanley—if he'd gone through half what I have in this world, he couldn't regard things as lightly as he does. But this it just a sample of how he treats everything. The last time—that is once—when I was somewhat alarmed about Indians, he told me the trouble was that I wanted to be scalped, so that I could enjoy telling it over with my other ailments. I told him I had as quick a sense of humor as anyone, but I couldn't see the joke in that. One wouldn't be apt to talk much about *any* ailment after being scalped by the Indians."

"I'd be willing to wager the ranch, Emmie'd live to tell it." laughed her husband conclusively. "What is it, Eph?" he said to a man who at the moment came hastily around the corner to the porch steps.

"There's been a fire brand throwed from outside onto the roof of the barn," said the man excitedly. "It's there now." Hank Crawley sprang to his feet, and walked to the end of the porch, the rest of the group following.

Down in the north-west corner of the corral stood a great barn sheltering some thirty or forty head of blooded stock, a space of some hundred feet separating it from the outer wall of the stockade; and rising above the ridge, from the further slope of the roof, a little curl of red tinted smoke was seen—the flame wavering suddenly as they looked, and disappearing from view. Hank Crawley muttered something under his breath.

"Did you see where it came from?" he demanded of the man.

"From the direction of the timber yonder. If I ain't mistaken there'll be another in a minute."

As he spoke, a jet of flame shot through the air, lighting and sending its little column of red smoke above the ridge of the barn as before.

Hank Crawley gave a savage chuckle.

"They'll find out it's hard work lighting up a zinc roof," he said grimly.

The experience of other ranches had taught the owner of Crawley's a fortunate lesson in inducing him to have his building fire-proof, a precaution which present circumstances eminently justified.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Crawley?" asked Dwight Hubbard.

"It looks like Indians. That's their usual tactics. They set fire to the buildings to keep the people inside busy while they batter down the gates; but they're fooled once I guess. Maybe we can fool 'em about the gates, too," he continued. "Go and tell the men to arm and get around here," he said hastily to Eph. Trent. "I guess we'll be apt to hear from 'em outside there, when they find out that their fireworks are a fizzle."

He went into the house and was back again in a moment with a rifle, and down to join the dozen or more "hands" gathered outside the barn, leaving his wildly hysterical wife to the mercies of the others—Dora and her mother vainly essaying to sooth her, Dwight Hubbard and the Lieutenant endeavoring to persuade her to be led into the house. The latter task being finally accomplished, the two men joined the others who were gathered in a council of war outside the barn. All was quiet, not a sound breaking the stillness of the placid night."

"We'll hear noise enough in a

moment," Crawley was saying. "They wouldn't be here except in full force, and we've got to keep them out of the stockade, if we want to live over night."

"We will probably need help to do that," said Lieutenant Page, glancing towards the fort.

"I guess they'll need help themselves down there, before morning," answered Hank, interpreting his look. "There's only a handful of men, and those women and children."

"Would there be a possible chance for getting word to the troops?" asked Dwight Hubbard.

"Not unless it's carried from outside."

"I'd like to attempt it," said the correspondent.

"It's too late," returned Crawley decisively. "You can be sure they've got us hemmed in tight."

"They will of course attempt to scale the walls," said the Lieutenant.

"They won't make more than one trial on those spikes," answered Crawley.

"There! see that!" exclaimed Eph. Trent excitedly. Another brand had whizzed through the air, falling this time on the roof of the dwelling.

"When that goes out they'll try the gates," said Crawley. "Keep in the shadow, boys," he said to the men, "and get to work at the wagons. Step quick or we sha'n't have time. You will find guns and ammunition in the house," he said to Hubbard and the Lieutenant, "and while you're there, just see to the doors and windows in case we should be driven inside."

The two men hurried in, Dwight Hubbard leading the way to the store room in which a stock of arms had been carefully stored for emergencies, the present one proving the wisdom of the forethought.

Then, having seen the efficient security of the fastenings about the house, Hubbard stopped for a moment to drop a reassuring word to his wife and daughter, who, assisted by the rest of the household, were still vainly trying to check the frantic hysterics of Mrs. Crawley. As often happens in such cases, in endeavoring to sooth the fears of some weaker one, the others had kept up a certain amount of courage in themselves, a gift which the cheerful confidence evinced by the men aided materially in strengthening; and leaving the little group to nurse the faint spark of hope and comfort fanned into glow by their words Hubbard and the Lieutenant returned once more to the yard.

Crawley and the men had been quietly at work rolling the two wagons which belonged to the place to a position in front of the gates; turning the boxes sideways on the ground against the wheels, which served the purpose of a support, and piling the former up with matresses from their beds, making an effectual barricade from which they could command the one entrance to the place.

This consisted of double gates of iron—the twelve-foot vertical bars crossed closely by horizontal bands; and these, with the high, dangerously spiked stone walls surrounding the yard, and the system of night-watches kept about the place, made the ranch in reality as well guarded against attack as the fort itself.

Whether the little band of men inside the stockade would be able to protect the entrance against the onslaught of the savages, would depend perhaps upon the number who would sacrifice themselves in an attempt to batter down or scale the gates, the open framework of the latter making an inevitable target of any who should attempt either task. The use of every strategy could be depended upon, since the attack had been undertaken; whether of an overwhelming rush upon the gates or some secret and unthought of method—time alone could determine.

During the fifteen minutes in which

the men had been at work, all outside had remained still. Crouching now behind the wagons, they eagerly watched the spaces between the bars of the gate.

Not an object could be seen.

Suddenly, from the direction of the fort, came the sound of firing.

Then, close outside the stockade, as at a signal, rose a hideous din of yells, and against the gates swarmed a host of figures, their axes and guns clanging against the bars.

"Go it, boys."

The dozen rifles spoke almost simultaneously, their effect telling in the howls of rage and agony rising amongst the horde outside. Then, the clamor augmented, the heavy axes wielded with superhuman strength, beat with thunderous noise upon the iron gates. Again the men did good work. Two or three figures which reached the top of the gates, toppled headlong and heavily inside the yard, lying like logs in the moonlight. A number of others who had climbed in some way to the top of the walls, fell back screeching crazily, their hands cut by the sharp spikes.

Again and again the attempt was repeated, to end as before. Then bullets began beating in through the bars, the Indians in the rear firing at the barricade from behind the bodies of the bolder ones who ventured against the gates.

They fell harmlessly. Those outside knew, so far, the only fatal result of the ceaseless firing—and this result, according to the repeated exposures in attempting to scale the gates, must have been already serious.

Presently there came a lull. Withdrawn from the gates, and the range of the barricade, the Indians remained strangely silent.

"It's deviltry, now, boys," said Crawley. "See that you keep wide awake."

Inside the house the women kept still as death.

Mrs. Crawley, who had had opiates administered, as the only means of keeping her from carrying out her threat of rushing out alone to seek shelter at the fort, when the first firing commenced, lay in a kind of dose on the sofa, rousing only occasionally to whisper reproaches against those around her for detaining her to a cruel death. Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Dubois the housekeeper, sat beside her, seeking to stifle, in their little acts of ministering to the hysterical woman, the terrible fear in their own hearts, and Dora and Minna, the latter an intelligent servant employed about the place, sat on a rug at their feet, holding each other's hands, and listening in silence to the yells outside.

It seemed ages ago, since the first sound of it had come, and none could guess if the shots had been fatal to those dear ones.

The silence coming after the long siege of firing, was worse than all. Dora, who had nursed her patience so far, arose suddenly, to walk restlessly about the room.

She would have given worlds to look from the window at that conflict going on at the other side of the yard, but her father's word to them had been peremptory with regard to exposing themselves thus to flying bullets, and she was forced to content herself with straying through the two rooms opening from each other on the east.

In the rear room the blinds were up, and as upon this side of the house there had been no firing—she stepped to the window and looked out.

A large space outside the house was clear, the corrals and sheds being in the north corner of the enclosure; and the white moonlight unbroken by a shadow, made the place as light almost as day.

On both sides of the house was silence, as deep as that beguiling peace which had been about them when they sat upon the porch.

Looking out across the yard Dora's

heart suddenly gave a great bound. The poles of a rude ladder appeared suddenly at the top of the wall in the corner beyond the sheds; then a figure vaulted quickly over, clearing the spikes and lighting on the low sheds beneath. Then another and another appeared, leaping quickly to the ground, and skulking along behind the sheds into the shadow of the wall. Paralyzed with fear, Dora stood unable for a moment to speak or move. The full sense and horror of it was with her—the silent forms creeping upon the unconscious men, shut from view of them by the intervening house! She must cry out—do something to warn them.

She turnd to fly out to the porch, when suddenly a pistol-shot sounded and the foremost of those skulking figures in the yard sprang high into the air with a yell, and fell prone upon his face. Then from every side of the house came a pandemonium of shots and cries. Over the wall, like animals trained in a trick, came the leaping figures—some, struck by balls whizzing from behind the house, falling dead in their tracks; but more, bounding to their feet, and forward, to join the horde of yelling comrades swarming over the gates.

Dora hardly sensed the swift events transpiring in that brief time of fright and horror. The flight of her father and the men into the house; the barring of doors and windows; herself and the rest of the helpless, terror-stricken women, carried almost bodily up stairs from danger of swift bullets crashing through panes of glass; the view from the window of the moonlit yard, swarming with the yelling, blood-thirsty demons—all seemed like a dream. Only when they heard outside the enclosure, the shouts of the troops, entering almost upon the very steps of the triumphant warriors, and pouring thick shots nto the midst of the entrapped hordes, did she experience a renewal of anything like her sane consciousness. But when it was ended, the remnant of escaping savages flying before the roused and relentless soldiers—and her father and the rest of the men who were unhurt, searching amongst the bodies for those of the soldiers who had fallen outside—bore past her into the house the unconscious body of Eric Parmelee, Dora fell upon the floor in her first swoon.

At the fort all had not fared as fortunately as had those at Crawley's.

Though the division sent by Colonel Black across the plain had reached there in time to avert an overwhelming entrance and massacre, several of the brave men had given up their lives in the defense of the fort. But the victory gained by the troops over the great band, surprised in their attack upon the two places, was decisive in quelling any inclination for further uprisings in the region for years to come.

"A lucky thing for me," said Hank Crawley, "that that little reception occurred on my premises, or I never would have had a chance to realize the investment made in all my military implements and appurtenances around the place. The Injuns'll never want to take all the trouble I put 'em to to get into my society again, and next spring I'm going to take down the wall and put up a picket fence. Of course," he remarked to Parmelee, who lay on the bed in the best spare room at the ranch, white and thin from a six weeks' siege with his wound, "if you hadn't got the troops there on time, we'd probably have held a little sociable with them in the parlor, but it's all right as far as I'm concerned. The only one that's disappointed about the way that affair turned out is Emmie. She aint got anything to show for her part in the reception, and she's just got to go on with the same old stories of influenzas and chills, and nervous attacks. It's kind of hard on her to miss such a chance, and I don't wonder she's laid up over it."

Hank had been stubborn in his determination to keep Parmelee at the ranch during his sickness, spite of the objections made by that young gentleman, in his few lucid intervals.

"It's little enough for you to let us do for you after that affair," Crawley pensively said. "When I think of our tickling ourselves to death guying you for having gumption enough to scent that raid, I feel so foolish I almost wish I'd been shot. And with that, and getting the troops here on time, I think you'd ought to be willing to show a little consideration." So Parmelee stayed.

His recovery had been very slow, a fact as inexplicable to the doctor as it had been maddening to Parmelee. To Dora, since he was out of danger, it was an unconcealed satisfaction.

One day a letter came from Judge Ford—one of the lawyers who, since his father's death, had been trying to straighten out the muddled affairs of the estate. It brought news that an insignificant mining claim in Colorado which had been the one thing saved to Eric out of the wreck of his father's fortune, had recently developed a vein, which, in the judge's estimation, was important enough to warrant his offering thirty thousand dollars for his young client's share.

The next day Parmelee was able to sit up.

A week afterwards, when he was downstairs, Hank Crawley, congratulating him on the news which had become known to the rest of them through Dwight Hubbard, offered some frank advice to Parmelee in regard to his future business prospects.

"You'll want to be turning your money as soon as the deal's settled up," he said, "and I'll tell you, you can't do better than to put it into a ranch out here in Arizona. There's plenty of unsettled land out here, and all you've got to do is to take it up and buy your cattle. You're bound to do well, as to profits—and then, there's the dry climate. An invalid like you couldn't do better than to make his home here."

"Don't dare to broach such a scheme before me!" spoke Dora suddenly. She sat in the bay window sewing, and with the speech turned on her uncle a blazing and indignant eye. "I can assure you that I should never dream of living on a ranch after that awful experience."

"I don't just catch the connection of Mr. Parmelee's living on a ranch, and you're not wanting to," said Hank.

Dora said nothing. Her cheeks were red, and she sewed a little faster. Hank Crawley rose suddenly from his chair and went over and kissed his niece's flushed cheek. Then he shook hands with Parmelee.

"There aint a bat in any country blinder than I am, where there's a love affair, but I'll say this—that I don't know of any one I'd rather have her, than you."

Josephine Spencer.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

XI.

THE SERMON.—THE SUBJECT SHOULD NOT BE TOO BROAD.

In my last article I gave the two prevailing instances in which speakers violate unity. The first, wherein the swinging from one thing to another results from poverty of ideas, or inability to round up ideas, is by far the more common. Before this series closes, I shall devote a special chapter to the means of improving this kind of mind. The second, wherein want of unity results from inability to control phantasy, is rare, because it goes generally with a highly-cultivated but erratic imagina-

tion. Want of unity ought alone to condemn such vagrant posy-gathering. But it comes under even severer criticism as overloading the style with metaphor. But of this I shall speak more at length under the head of imagery and illustration. I have now to name an additional essential of a good subject, the violation of which not only destroys the unity of the discourse, but leaves even the detached fragments vague, hazy, and indistinct as a vanishing cloud. It is this:

A subject must not be too broad. Let me draw an illustration from school-life. Young teachers, like young preachers, are terrified at the thought of running out of material. Especially is this true in the training school, where the lesson is supposed to be a model of preparation and presentation. Thus to be stranded before a class, and have nothing more to say, with a critic teacher in the back-ground taking notes — is a dilemma which embryo teachers instinctively fortify themselves against.

How? you are ready to ask. By refusing to commit themselves to anything more specific than "arithmetic," "geography," "reading," "U. S. history," etc. I call vividly to mind the consternation of a young teacher at the way I handled a plan which she presented for my inspection. Her exercise was in geography, and she had chosen the subject: North America.

"My dear young lady, what can you possibly say of North America? That is a half-year's work. Choose a more specific subject."

"Well, the United States, then."

"Too broad still."

"Will the New England States do?"

"Hardly; the subject is past all bounds yet. Remember, you have but half an hour. Besides, would it not be well to select something nearer home?"

"Oh, teacher, I dread running out of something to say. How would Utah do?"

"Well, Utah would be a good subject if you had five weeks at your disposal. But you have only half an hour."

This colloquy lasted half an hour, for the critic desired this young aspirant to discover for herself the true principle of human interest. She chose successively, the land surfaces of Utah, then only the mountains, then a part of the mountains, the Wasatch range, and finally was permitted to select from Mount Nebo, Utah Valley, the alkali desert, and similarly specific subjects. So, also, descending from the general subject: water surfaces, she was led in the same way to arrange a series of specific subjects such as Utah Lake, Jordan River, the Hot Pots at Midway, etc—any one of which was alive with interest. So of the vegetation of Utah, the animals of Utah, the political divisions of Utah, the occupations and material improvements of the people, etc. Each great head was sub-divided until the point of sparkling interest was reached.

"Now Miss R——," said I, "you seem to be as puzzled as before by the variety of subjects from which to choose. Let your pupils decide. Remember, you have a class of boys from eight to twelve years of age, and this is the spring of the year. Now, think what part of Utah geography these boys are at present most interested in, and when you have done so, bring me your plan."

The next morning she brought me this subject well worked out: "Trout-fishing in Provo River." It is needless to say her class bubbled over with enthusiasm. Each boy was eager to contribute what he knew, and from her vantage ground of wider information, she could supply many things that he had not observed. Five minutes did not elapse till there transpired what is the very acme of successful primary

teaching. Both teacher and pupils forgot that they were in a school, forgot that a critic teacher was taking notes, forgot that time was passing till the half-hour ring broke the spell. The teacher looked disappointed; so did her boys. It was a charming vexation all round. Had I been one of those boys, I should have gone fishing that very afternoon, just to verify with my own eyes the new things the teacher had taught me.

Looking over the pages of manuscript that this illustration has taken up I was about to start an apology for my own want of unity; but rereading it I am convinced that this whole incident in the teacher's experience is germane to the thought under discussion. If any one doubts this, I give him leave to substitute *pr* for *t* wherever the word teacher occurs, and I agree to defend the principle involved by the change in each statement. For what is preaching but one of the inferior ways of teaching?—a condition in which the mind is passively engaged (if I may use such apparently contradictory terms) in recording impressions.

The young preacher dreads equally with the young teacher to be "gravelled for want of matter," and, with the same poor judgment, seeks to fortify against the weakness by placing a continent of theology between him and his congregation. As in the case of the teacher, he will fail in arousing interest. He is too far away from his hearers. Like the snow on top of the mountains, his theology must flow miles downward ere it can touch thirsty human lips. If he would warm the hearts of his congregation and cause their eyes to sparkle he must imitate the teacher. For as regards the laws of human interest, what are his most sedate hearers but bearded boys and wrinkled girls—a sort of children that have ceased to romp and giggle and chew gum? Somehow, he must keep sub-dividing his theological continent till he get where the people live, and then make such applications as touch their most vital interests.

To take an actual case in point: At a certain conference in the Southern States, I listened an hour and a half to a typical general sermon. The Elder took for his subject the Kingdom of God. A kingdom must have a king. He explained, therefore, our idea of the King. There must be officers. He gave the list. There must be laws. He dwelt upon faith, repentance, baptism, and laying on of hands. There must be privileges and blessings. He illustrated how signs followed the believer. These signs had ceased. He gave a history of the apostasy. An angel was to come again. He gave an account of the restoration, and closed with a sermon on the authenticity of the Book of Mormon!

His fellow-Elders gasped at the longevity of his memory. They wondered whether he would leave them a single patch of Orson Pratt's Works. He didn't. He put his foot into every subject within the covers of this most excellent treatise. True, he took huge strides disdaining to touch any but high points. Like some airy giant, his mind stepped quite over the valley, where lived the hearts of the people, and touched again on the opposite mountain top. All that lay between could of course be discussed by his companions when their turns came, but somehow they felt exasperated that he had thus straddled over it all. For if the truth must be confessed, they were not any more familiar with specific fields of thought than he. These were the very points they would have taken.

Happily he was quite consistent: he took up all the time as well as all the subjects. Night came on and sleep would undo the mischief. In a few hours preaching might begin again as if nothing had been said. But very few fragments of this extenuated,

loose-jointed sermon would remain upon the memory next morning. For if five thousand years' study of psychology has made anything clear, it is the utter futility of attempting to plant islands in the human mind. Growth can occur only by accretion. The new can remain in the mind only as it is attached to and absorbed by the old. In the missionary field, so small is the basis of the old, so few the associations to which the new can be attached, that the Elder who takes a hop, skip, and jump through the scheme of salvation needs never fear—nor hope either—that the impressions he makes will last over night.

When conference assembled next morning President Morgan arose to speak. As if to rebuke this cataloguing style of preaching the spirit led him to choose a very small subdivision of the subject of repentance. This he spoke of in terms with which the people were familiar, drawing his illustrations from their daily lives. Every eye was upon him, every ear was alert, and every heart was stirred as by something human. His manner was gentle, his words direct and unaffected. I shall not soon forget the effect produced upon me by this unostentatious discourse, nor the impression left upon this simple-minded people. To this day they remember Elder Morgan as a "pow'ful fine preacher."

I was then able only in a vague way to understand why this sermon was so much more effective than the other. It did not convey a hundredth part the number of Gospel truths that the first conveyed; yet as a means of converting minds and hearts, it is no exaggeration to say it did a hundred times the work of the first. So manifest was this difference in general effect, that it set me to thinking and observing; and now I know the reason why one was futile and the other fertile in reclaiming souls.

Setting aside what was lost through delivery by the first who spoke to a few hundred cubic feet of air in which people happened to be, and setting aside likewise what was gained in delivery by the second, who spoke directly to human ears while he looked into human eyes—I say, setting this aside for discussion in a later chapter, there was enough difference in the matter treated to account for the almost opposite effect produced.

Think of it! the first speaker went over twenty subjects each one of which, if carefully and logically subdivided, would furnish matter for ten sermons. Yet here sweeping generalizations one after another were hurled upon the audience in breathless haste, and then in the vain hope of fastening them upon the mind—if we may suppose so much thought to have been taken as to result—each general dogma was cunningly "nail't wi' scripture," as Burns would say.

How could the results be otherwise? Such generalizations can be of vital interest only to men familiar with all the intervening ground. The reading of an index often suffices the mind of a scholar as to the contents of the volume, but to the uncultured mind it is utterly meaningless.

Now the second speaker took into account the kind of people he was about to address, the bias of their minds, the weakest point of attack—in a word he sought the directest route to their hearts. Thus, realizing that he had infant minds to deal with, he took but a single truth and spread it out so widely in illustrations that the weakest could not fail to digest it. And it gave immediate pleasure. Nothing gives keener pleasure than mental digestion. Just as nothing will more quickly sicken the soul than mental indigestion.

It is the case of teaching over again. Whenever you carry principle into the domain of personal experience, men, like children, are in-

terested at once; and this because they become judges, able to verify for themselves the truths presented. But until you do come thus within that magic circle, which varies in diameter with every human being, your words will remain vague, meaningless, incapable of arousing interest.

Here then our Elders should learn a profound lesson. Instead of loading our minds with passages of scripture and firing them indiscriminately upon an audience, we should make a mental analysis of our hearers. What do they know already? What principles guide them? What prejudices blind them? In a word, how wide is their mental horizon, and what are the objects within it?

These questions answered, we are ready to proceed. Keeping in view the fact that the unknown can be apperceived or assimilated only as it is directly accociated with and absorbed, so to speak, by the known, all our truths will be clothed in the mental experiences of our audience. We need not be mistaken as to the right direction, if we but keep our wits about us. As long as we are giving new, fresh truths and are within the mental horizon of our listeners, their eyes will sparkle with the same interest that aroused the boys to enthusiasm in the lesson on fishing. When we get beyond their mental horizon, or when we are repeating hackneyed truths, their eyes grow lackadaisical, even though their attention remain apparently respectful.

But do our Elders make such a study? What are the facts in the case? In very many instances they have but vague notions of the Gospel they set out to proclaim. Thrown into the labor with such ill preparations, their first thought is to get thoroughly acquainted with the principles they are to preach. Too often this comes to be the only thought. They load themselves up on the Bible and Orson Pratt's Works, and preach what clings to their memory—which, as we have seen in the case cited, is the high points only. They must hold out a certain time; they have not the mind-power to think in detail; so there is nothing to do but to pass from subject to subject. No attempt is made at unity, unless it be the unity of chronology. Sometimes the order in which the passages have been committed to memory furnishes a kind of link to chain together the fragments.

When all is said, however, the sermon is made up of a succession of subjects, each one of which is too broad to arouse human interest. But what is worst, human interest, that is, the people addressed and the occasion, is not taken into account at all.

What is the result? No impression is made. The Elders are not invited home. They trudge on in the middle of the night, believing that there are no honest hearts in this region, no one in whose veins flows the blood of Israel!

The fact is, my dear brethren, we swallow in haste unmasticated mouthfuls of the Gospel, and then literally "take no thought," (by which I mean we do not stop to digest mentally), but with a blind fatuity trust that the Spirit will arrange it all in our heads while we sleep. But it comes out of our heads just as crude and undigested as we stowed it away there; for God is not so poor a teacher as to put a premium on laziness by doing our work for us.

What a mockery it is then to judge as if we were perfect and all the fault lay with our hearers! Just apply this thought to teaching. Let a teacher be as crude in his method of presentation as are many of our preachers, and he would stay no longer in a place than they often do.

One word more in this connection. Let us never become so wise in our own conceit that we cannot learn a

lesson from *everything*. Above all, let us cease ridiculing the success of sectarians in making converts. I do not say we shall imitate them. Far from it. But let us study their methods of reaching the human soul. If men can be won to such doctrines as are often preached by them, then surely the merit must lie in the method of presentation: it cannot be in the thing presented. Let us not be caught by external trumpery, such as anxious seats, mourners' benches, tamborines, drums, and hallelujah excitements. Let us rather watch by what avenues the human heart is approached. I think we shall discover that we disdain any other than the intellectual avenue, which in nine cases out of ten is closed. But are not the emotions as God-given as the intellect? Must all be damned save those who are reached through our dry reasoning on doctrine?

Think of this a moment. We do not succeed by it even in the few we actually convert. In a majority of cases our proselytes are first interested in the Gospel through their emotions. It is because they have learned to love the Elders, not because they are struck with the principles they advocate, nor with our manner of advocating them, that they first begin to investigate. How often the remark has reached me—in a few instances made by men who afterwards were baptized: "Nelson is a fine fellow, but d—— his doctrines!" (It will be seen from this remark that I have been making a righteous judgment, that is, I have been judging my own mistakes.)

But, after all, what is all this but saying in a specific way that it is as much a missionary's duty to study the people as to study the Gospel. For his presentation, if it is to do any good, must take into account the conditions in which his listeners are placed. In other words, he can reach the human soul only through the channels that are open. To ignore this fact is to make his sermon thrice a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," which leads me to remark that the sermons first to be thus condemned are those preached from subjects too broad: for they do not even get down to the regions where people live, let alone find their way to men's hearts.

The defect I have been criticising is technically called extension. The virtue I would have our preachers cultivate is intension. The latter may also be carried to a ridiculous extreme. It is said of a noted professor of theology in a German university that he preached fourteen sermons on the first verse in Genesis! But we are in no danger from this extreme, nor shall we be for years to come. I know of only one speaker in the Church who is guilty of it. His mind becomes so intense when it reaches some important phase of a subject, that it frequently refuses to move forward for a whole hour together; but in the midst of the general tendency to roam and get over ground, this is a most refreshing fault. *N. L. Nelson.*

A MARVELOUS HEALING.

ALFRED JOHNSON, of Vernal, Uintah County, met with an accident last fall which two skilled doctors said would result fatally. He was engaged in gathering cattle on the mountains, and went to a spring one morning to wash for breakfast. As he stooped to put his hands into the water his pistol, which was in his scabbard by his side, fell, and the hammer striking a rock, it was discharged. The bullet passed through his body, piercing the right lung and being extracted from his back just below the

shoulder blade. He was twenty-five miles from home and had nothing but a buckboard on which to ride. He was placed on this and one of the boys who was with him took the lines while another stood up behind and held him the whole of the distance home through a scorching hot sun.

A local physician was called and he examined the wound, giving him less than twenty-four hours to live. The father, not satisfied with this diagnosis of the case, sent to Fort Duchesne, twenty-five miles distant, for the army surgeon, who speedily came and confirmed, without hesitation, the statement of his brother physician, Therefore to all human probability the death of the young man was assured; but the father and friends were not willing to give up even in the face of such testimony. They accordingly administered to the young man repeatedly. Not a day was allowed to pass without his receiving the administration of the Elders.

Astonishing to relate the pain caused by the wound was comparatively slight, and his recovery was the cause of wonderment to all who witnessed it.

The young man's parents and all who watched the case, are convinced that it was only the power of God, which resulted through the exercise of faith, that saved the life of this young man. He is now almost entirely free from the effects of the accident. The only difficulty he experiences at all is in the raising of his arm, the muscles of which were pierced by the bullet, above his head. The strength of this arm, however, is equally as great as the other in lifting, or in any ordinary work.

This young man is not a member of the Church though he was born in it. He has been a diligent and progressive student in the Church Academy in Vernal, and there is every probability that his faith will lead him to become a member of the Church in which faith brings so many blessings to the children of God.

Sunday morning August 19th, 1894, he bore this remarkable testimony in Sabbath School: "In the past I have been inclined to make light of religion, but since my life was so remarkably spared I have been studying the matter very seriously, and I come here this morning with a firm conviction of the divinity of the Gospel and a determination to obey the same. I could not have believed it possible for anyone to realize the joy and consolation which I have experienced in the study of this matter. I feel that God spared my life that my spiritual being might be brought to a knowledge of His great work." *C.*

THE CURSE OF THE DRAMSHOP.

In a lonely little valley in the mountains in the west
Where all nature teems with grandeur and the eagle builds her nest;
In a cottage by the roadside dwelt a man and maiden fair:
He was strong and bold and fearless; she had beauty choice and rare.
They had both known many comforts with their parents kind and true,
Yet they longed to leave their old homes, in the West to find a new.

All the joys of home and comfort had no charms for her, when he
Whom she loved ha l said so fondly, "Darling, won't you go with me?
I will take you to the mountains, you shall be my lovely bride—
Trust me, dearest, you shall ever be contented at my side."
They received a father's blessing, mother's tears and fond caress,
As they left the dear old homestead for the valleys in the West.

Oh! this journey to the mountains was so pleasant all the way,
Hopes of future wealth and greatness filled their hearts by night and day.
Soon a cottage was erected by the husband's faithful hand,
While the wife by love and labor made this new home seem quite grand.
Children came to bless and comfort those two hearts that beat as one ;
Loving words and true devotion found a place within this home.

Other people came and settled near this cot so neat and clean,
Till at length the railroad passed there hissing forth its breath of steam ;
Then a dramshop was erected with its gilded walls of sin,
Brilliant lights and gay companions tempting all to enter in.
Now a change came o'er this household, where had been such peace and joy,
And it seemed that this foul demon all their pleasure would destroy.

Then the fond wife saw her husband, whom she loved so tenderly,
Spending time in idle pleasure at the bar-room in high glee.
One by one the many comforts they had known in former years,
Were removed and sold for liquor, heeding not his loved ones' tears.
See this home once filled with plenty, now grown empty and forlorn,
Nothing left to cheer or comfort—no kind acts at night or morn.

Loving words were no more uttered, in this hovel by the road,
Neighbors pitied wife and children, only few their mercy showed.
Oh, how sad to see those children, once so happy and so gay,
Sit and cry with cold and hunger, for they had not heart to play.
Hear those darlings plead in anguish for a crumb or two of bread,
While the mother worn with sickness was compelled to take her bed.

Now she offers up a prayer, "Father, hear my children's cry,
God of mercy look in pity, for no earthly help is nigh!"
As the mother speaks, the children crowd around the bedside low,
And the eldest boy said softly, "Mamma, we can't let you go;
We have wandered in the village, up and down the busy street,
Seeking food from friends and strangers that you might have bread to eat.

"The rich owner of the dramshop called us beggars, and he swore ;
Said we all should go to prison if we did not leave his door.
We have heard you pray to heaven that the Lord would let you come,
But if you should go and leave us, where, oh, where, would be our home!"
Then these darlings, cold and hungry, fondly kissed their mother's cheek,
As she pressed them to her bosom, full of grief she could not speak,
While her tears, like gentle raindrops falling from the clouds above,
Told those little starving children that they still had mother's love.

Hark! a footstep in the hovel in the darkness of the night—
All is silent save the moaning of the children in their fright—
For they feared papa was coming, reeling homeward, wild with drink,
Should it be this cruel being from his presence they must shrink.
It is true, 'twas father's footstep, in the room he enters now,
Grasping in his hand a weapon—there is blood upon his brow.

He goes reeling to the bedside—all the children seek the door—
As he drags that helpless woman out of bed upon the floor;
And with many oaths and curses, savagely he beat her there,
While she lay all torn and bleeding, begging him her life to spare.
"O, my husband, do not kill me!" were the words the fond wife said—
All in vain, one blow he struck her, one long gasp and she was dead.

When the cries of those poor children brought some neighbors to the door,
They beheld the mother's body lifeless on the cottage floor;
And the drunkard filled with terror at the deed which he had done,
Plunged a dagger in his own heart, and his earthly race was run.

Charles A. Welch.

AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

In such a populous city as Paris, ground room naturally becomes valuable so that the interior of blocks are used for dwellings; they generally surround an open court which has a hall-way outlet to the street. In some instances short alleys penetrate into, or cut through business blocks, along which are private dwellings. Those places are generally tidy and comparatively free from street noises. In one of those alleys known as 8 rue Boisonnade on the third floor of an aged sculptor's home, four of the Utah colony of art students occupied an atelier and suite of rooms; where they slept and practiced the culinary art to the extent of their bodily needs, and mended their own clothes. A peaceful quiet place this was. Excepting the proprietor and his family, we were the only occupants of the place. Across the alley lived a young American artist and his wife who were just as kind to us as any one could be, rendering us assistance as interpreters many times, which, I assure you, is very valuable service under circumstances where one cannot understand the language of the people. Brother Lorus Pratt was presiding Elder of the Paris colony of Latter-day Saints. We had one of our rooms set apart for Sunday School and meeting purposes. We held Sunday School in the forenoon and sacrament meeting in the afternoon; occasionally holding meetings at the home of Brother and Sister Clawson. We thus derived much joy and consolation through partaking of the sacrament, singing the endeared songs of Zion and listening to testimonies and words of counsel.

Such privileges are more appreciated out in the world than at home. The contrast between our belief and that of the world intensifies that appreciation. Also, under those circumstances a person positively learns that the Lord has really blessed the land of Zion and the people that dwell in it; because one is in that part of the globe where the absence of that blessing is keenly felt; consequently love for everything connected with the work of God becomes stronger. Before leaving home, my unbelieving friends frequently assured me, with an air of superior wisdom, that if I would only go out into the world and study art, see the fine paintings and wonderful accomplishments of men, I would soon get above the absurdities of Mormonism; but the sights and scenes of the world, great and wonderful as they are, inspired no desire in me to discard the Gospel; on the contrary, when contemplating the works of genius, the fruits of untiring industry and ingenuity, I felt to bow in humility before the throne of grace from whence emanates all intelligence, and implore the Giver of all gifts to animate my soul with the same noble desires and aims which actuated the spirits of those great benefactors to whom the world is indebted for its thousands of blessings. The Gospel gave us all confidence, courage and hope. When I beheld the grand boulevards and avenues of Paris, lined on both sides with shade trees as far as the eye could see, or strolled in the paradisiacal parks among a profusion of flowers, sparkling fountains and marble statuary of history's eminent characters, or gazed upon the magnificent architecture of the Louvre, Madeleine, Notre Dame, Pantheon and other notable buildings planned by the world-famed architects, all so beautiful that language fails in description, did I lose interest in the Gospel? No. For the Lord has predicted greater things than these for Zion; then it is we realize what a great work there is before us. It fires our being with ambition. No, my kind but mistaken friends. You think Mormonism is a fraud, but it is not. It is the truth, and all the noble accomplishments in the arts and sciences only implant the truth deeper

in the human heart. It is not the grand achievements of man that destroy faith in what is termed Mormonism, but intemperance, indolence, and sin of every kind which characterize the bad side of civilization.

I wish with all my heart that our young people could behold the great works of the world's mighty intellects; then they could comprehend in a degree the gigantic task before them. Just think of it. Zion is to become so glorious that the Gentiles will be attracted to her light and the kings of the earth to the brightness of her rising. Paris enjoys, in a measure, the distinction which the forepart of this prediction of Isaiah conveys; but all her glory and renown are not sufficient to induce the kings of the earth to descend from their thrones and come to the brightness of her rising. Yet when her intellectual attainments, and that of the world in general, is compared with our own humble surroundings and position intellectually, we will realize with force the necessity of educating ourselves, of wasting less time and caring more for high and noble attainments than the acquisition of property or the excessive pursuit of pleasures. It is not only our duty to wake up to these matters by cultivating our talents, but it is a grand and glorious cause to be engaged in; for, inasmuch as the works of genius yield an elevating and refining influence upon the minds of such of the human family as are groping in spiritual darkness, how much more good will result from the same influence upon the minds of those whose spirit is lit up by the sunshine of the Gospel. Besides, let Zion's intellectual light shine, and it will attract the attention of thousands of intelligent men and women, who will begin to see virtue and divine power in Mormonism, which will lead them to investigate. The same class of people could never be reached by the imploring voice of the Elders of Israel. This idea was firmly impressed upon my mind through observing the character and disposition of the more enlightened portions of mankind.

It is pleasing to notice that system is laying hold of the various organizations of our Church, and that education, in general, is receiving an impetus which bodes good for the cause of education. But we should watch with a jealous eye the trend of modern education, and trust only to the Spirit of God for guidance. We would be led to receive much good anyhow from the great educators of the world, and at the same time avoid the danger of adopting the same methods and aims as the world, because our foundation and the destiny that awaits us are entirely different from those of the world. The education of today is entirely realistic and practical; and I believe suited to the condition and age in which we live, for the apostate Christian world is so full of immaterialism and superstitions that the hand of God is visible in the introduction of a negative power through the medium of education. But the commonwealth that is being reared in these mountain vales is founded upon the solid rock of revealed truth. The difference between the two might be illustrated by incidents that came under my observation several times. Parents having a wayward boy tried, repeatedly, by reasoning and coaxing to get him to attend the B. Y. Academy; they were certain if he would obey, that a turning point in his life would be an assured thing. We are in the academy, and the wayfaring world is not. The Lord is shaping things with a view of getting them there. Now what kind of a training do we need; that is, educationally? Does the finger of prophecy point us out as a commercial or bartering people, like the ancient Phœnecians or the Hebrews of today, without a particle of artistic refinement in their character? Not so. All will agree that the fine arts will occupy a prominent

position in the Latter-day Zion. But whoever thinks of that condition dropping down from heaven, instead of exertion on our part to bring it about? The doors of some of our Church schools have been thrown open to music, but to art, well, I was going to say they are closed, but one or two of them have offered a room for art to occupy, in the spirit of "catch if you can." Is not the time here or in the near future when those arts will constitute a part of our scholastic education? The Gospel brings mankind nearer to God. Music, poetry and painting are heavenly, and therefore the proper kind of influence to surround such a people.

Just such thoughts are suggested to one's mind by the art feeling in the city of Paris. One becomes convinced there, that art don't grow like mushrooms; and also, without what the fine arts have done for it, the city would not be worth seeing.

John Hafen.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

After the Pioneers had entered this valley and were returning to the East to arrange for the further emigration of the people, President Woodruff and Luke Johnson started out one morning early to procure some buffalo meat for the camp. After traveling some little distance they saw a herd of several thousand head contentedly grazing near the foothills. The hunters cautiously approached so that the buffalo sentinels which were stationed some little distance from the herd, might not discover them. In order to conceal themselves they made their way along a dry gulch, the banks of which were at first a little above their heads, but gradually became lower, so that it was finally necessary for them to crawl along in order to be unobserved.

While they were going in this stooping posture a rattlesnake, which had been unnoticed by Brother Johnson, suddenly struck at him and barely missed his nose by about two inches. Before the serpent could again make an attack, he was killed by Brother Johnson.

The brethren, when within about two hundred yards of the herd, which was gradually moving towards them, sat down to await the approach of the animals. Suddenly the earth seemed to tremble, and on glancing in the direction of the herd, they discovered that the buffalo guards or sentinels had noticed their presence and had given the alarm. The whole herd was now in motion and moved with tremendous speed toward the very spot where the brethren were concealed. It seemed as though inevitable death awaited them. They sprang to their feet and shouted and gesticulated wildly so as to turn aside the maddened beasts.

Brother Johnson fired fifteen shots from a rifle at the approaching throng of animals, but without any noticeable effect upon them. To the great relief of the brethren, however, and to their astonishment, when the herd was within a very few feet of them, it veered to one side and just missed them.

When the larger part of the herd had passed, one animal came very near to President Woodruff, who, with a well-directed shot, brought it to the ground, and this was the only critter from the immense herd which was slain. The brethren, however, were very thankful for their marvelous deliverance, as it seemed to them for a few moments as though they could not escape a terrible death.

President Woodruff also states that before reaching South Pass, on their way west, the Pioneers passed a herd of these migrating animals,

going toward their grazing grounds, which required three days' travel for them to pass, the animals traveling in one direction and they in the other. The buffalo were so closely packed that the utmost vigilance was needed on the part of the traveling brethren to protect themselves from destruction. One can well imagine how many thousands or perhaps hundreds of thousands of animals there must have been in such an immense herd. They extended on either side almost as far as the eye could reach.

It is one of the most remarkable things how these animals have become extinct in so few years. It can only be accounted for upon the theory that both Indians and white men have mercilessly destroyed them, not to satisfy hunger, but merely for the sport of shooting them down. Many thrilling and exciting adventures are related by the Saints who in early days crossed the plains, but none will perhaps exceed in exciting interest that which is related above from the experience of our beloved President.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

What Makes Men.—It is not the things that we call best that makes men; it is not the pleasantest things; it is not the calm experience of life; it is life's rugged experience, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life was here good and there evil; here trouble and there joy; here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alterations of one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man, in distinction from an animal which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his head the marks of a struggle which he has undergone.

The best sailors come from the roughest seas, and the bravest soldiers from the hardest fights. They who seek to avoid care and labor, and who choose for themselves an easy path, are simply defrauding themselves of the noblest qualities of manhood, and making themselves like mushrooms grown in the shelter, instead of oaks which have wrestled with a thousand storms, and which still lift their giant arms and sun-crowned heads triumphant toward the skies.

It is not wise for us to seek trial or hardship, lest we miscalculate our strength and suffer defeat; but it is right for us to accept without a murmur what the Lord appoints, and calmly, bravely and manfully meet the varied trials of our earthly life, knowing that God's grace is sufficient for our every need, and assured that those things which try us most severely are wisely ordered for our benefit, and are working for our strength, our profit, and our salvation in the kingdom of our God. *C.*

Personal Appearance.—In personal appearance and habits, much of our success in life depends. There have been many instances where the soul shining through a maimed and deformed body, has conquered the adverse circumstances. This is far easier to do than to overcome an offensive or disagreeable trick of behavior—society will accord its pity and sympathy to natural defects, but for acquired ones it only reserves its disgust.

Every reader will call to mind some person toward whom he or she has felt a repugnance almost unendurable merely from an offensive habit such an one has formed—sometimes a mere turn of the lip, a cast of the eye, or a peculiar inflection of the voice. Often a practice has been formed of clearing the throat, or

spitting profusely about, or picking the ears or some other vulgar habit. These things will create a distaste for such persons in a fastidious mind; and, deny it if we may, or call it "squeamish" or "silly," we are all of us more or less fastidious.

It is the duty of every person to make himself agreeable to others. Most of these peculiarities of manner which create aversion are spontaneous in their origin, but become so habitual that we are unconscious of them. Many of them are formed in childhood — habits not easily removed in after years. While we cannot like everybody, or be loved by everybody in return, still we can take especial care that we do not make ourselves personally offensive by habits and ways that shock the delicate fastidiousness of those around us. *M. C.*

Your Morning Mood.—Have you never known a whole family set "at odds" of a morning, simply by the entrance of the cloudy member "of the household." All may have been pleasant and bright in the breakfast room, the children chatting cheerfully about the fire. But when that scowling brow dawned upon them, when the door gave its accustomed slam, and the hand or sharp voice gave its usual order, or administered its rebuke, the whole scene changed. The frown was contagious, and worse still, the spirit that prompted it was quite as catching. Children were ready to find fault with one another, and to be disobliging in small matters. The meal was taken in silence, except a few curt remarks, which did not help digestion or fit anyone for the day's duties.

Such a way of setting out in the morning is a real social crime. Where it becomes habitual, it engenders a spirit of disregard for others that often leads to grave crimes.

How much better to leave your room with a cheerful spirit if you can, and if not able to compass that, at least with one of peace and good will to all around you. This should be within reach of all. The spirit of benevolence should reign in the heart whatever the misfortunes and trials that press us down. If the law of love and kindness reigns in the heart, we shall gladly do all we can to make others happy. In doing so we shall insensibly find all our own burdens lightened, for nothing makes us happier than trying to do good to others, in even the smallest way. We have the assurance, too, that no such efforts are left to pass unnoticed, for even "the cup of cold water" shall not fail of its reward.

Be Willing to Learn.—A man progresses just as long as he is willing to learn, but progression ceases whenever he reaches that point where he places his knowledge in the balance against that of all other men. Strange as it may appear, there are a good many just such men as this in the world. Some cannot be taught anything, no matter to what branch of human knowledge it belongs. Others are perfect only in one thing, and that relates to the business they follow. It is here that this egotistical importance works the most mischief, for it always cripples a man's usefulness in life.

There is another class of persons who will accept knowledge only from those whom they acknowledge as superiors. They must know the source of every item of information, and it is rejected as error, or accepted as truth, accordingly. They never think, reason, or experiment for themselves, and hence their belief and practice exhibit a strange mixture of the practicable and impracticable, of truth and error.

The truly progressive class accept truth wherever they find it, and reject nothing because of its source. A hint dropped from the beggar's lips is just as valuable as though it came from royalty itself. These are the men who do think, reason and ex-

periment for themselves. Like the miner, it is the gold they are after, and like him, they never reject it because it is associated with dross and dirt, but go resolutely to work to separate the pure from the impure, retaining only the former.

THE POWER OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.—There is nothing that will let the light into the soul like personal influence; nothing that can lift one up out of the darkness, and lead one into the divine and quickening light, and baptize one into the spirit of faith, hope, love, and charity, like the magic power of a great example; nothing that can inspire, exalt and purify, like the magnetic rays of healing and helping that beam out of the eyes of noble men and woman. If your life has been deep and broad in its experience then you have seen lives that were better than yours; lives whose pure light shone upon you from a serener height than you could reach, and touched you and warmed you through and through, just as the drooping flowers, some chilly morning, have looked up through the thick fogs and caught a glimpse of the bright sun, which scatters the mists and opens the glad blossoms to the warm, life-giving light. Whose life is not, sometimes, wrapped around with fog? Who has not looked up from his little life-work and seen no cheering sun above him —nothing but a heavy, leaden sky hanging over? And then, perhaps, you have almost doubted the sun itself—doubted goodness and doubted God—until you have seen the clouds break away, the fogs lift, and doubt vanish before the beautiful radiance of some shining example. I tell you that I believe, more and more, that what the world needs to reform and redeem it is not so much a sound theology, or a profound philosophy, but holier, purer, diviner lives—lives that shall be the light of men.

HOW TO MAKE WORK EASY.—Every new business which a person undertakes, seems awkward in the start. "How shall I ever acquire skill and care in the matter?" is the inquiry which perplexes every beginner. The young musician watches, with a feeling akin to despair, the rapid and brilliant execution of his master; the aspiring young artist loses heart as he stands before some grand painting, while the stammering school boy orator listens with longing enthusiasm to some eloquent speaker, who carries all hearts with him.

When a great singer was praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, he answered: "Ah, you little know with what difficulty this ease has been acquired." It was only by repeated and long continued practice that this skill had been achieved.

So, too, Sir Joshua Reynolds, when asked how long it had taken to paint a picture, replied, "All my life." The training of all his past years had been brought into that canvas.

Henry Clay, "the old man eloquent," had not come forward all at once the finished orator, who could so sway an audience. He tells the process by which he had developed what gifts he had in that direction. He commenced in his early manhood the process of daily reading and speaking upon some historical or scientific book. "These off-handed efforts," he said, "were made sometimes in a cornfield, sometimes in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors." He ever regarded this early practice, and the stimulus that came with such an exercise of his powers, as that which had moulded all his subsequent destiny

Whatever your calling, practice will make the most difficult efforts easy. The danseuse did not gain her dexterity all at once. Long and wearisome hours of hard practice, week by week, and year by year, were needful to give her limbs that suppleness and grace. There was

many a fall and bruise, and weary hours of pain to be endured before she gained that airy lightness of motion which so astonished her audiences. If she could endure such "hardness" for so low an end, surely those who seek a better service should not shrink from a measure, at least, of her diligence.

"With hand on the spade, and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed,
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done."

INTEGRITY IN BUSINESS. — A handsome young boy of my acquaintance had been employed for some time in a drug store, and his pleasing address and smiling face won many friends. He had lately left for another situation, and it was with deep regret that I learned a short time since that he had been arrested as a thief. His trunk was crowded with handsome toilet articles he had purloined from time to time, in such profusion it would seem hardly possible he could ever use a tithe of them—handsome cigar cases, bottles of perfumery, kid gloves, silk handkerchiefs by the score, and all the elegant trifles that came with his reach, that would by any means come useful in a young gentleman's outfit. His old employer was sent for, and identified one hundred and fifty dollars worth of his own property, and others came in for the rest.

Poor, disgraced Alfred. How one's heart aches for the boy, whose fond, widowed mother was counting so happily on his rising to honor and usefulness in the world. Now, all her hopes and fair prospects are forever blighted. It is a rare thing for a youth of his age to recover his lost standing, when it has been so undermined. And for what a paltry consideration has he brought on this ruin? Only for a few coveted luxuries, as yet beyond his means.

Alfred's first wrong step was mixing with young associates which he knew were not of the right stamp—fast young men who spent their leisure at the billiard tables. They dressed in a flashy style, and he speedily learned to imitate them. He began his thefts by handing out a cigar from his employers' stock to one crony and another, as they lounged on the counters of the drug store, when the proprietor was absent. They soon learned where to go for supplies, and the cigars began to disappear very fast. Soon after the young man changed his situation and not long after the hour of detection came.

The strictest integrity, in the most trifling matters, is the only sure foundation for a man or boy to stand upon in his business relations. We need more of the spirit of that staunch old government officer, who, when his nephew took a half a sheet of paper from his desk, commanded him sternly, "Put that back, young man. That paper belongs to the government of the United States."

It is quite safe to say the old man's mantle has not fallen upon all the government officers of our land. Hugh Miller speaks of the mason of whom he learned his trade, as "a man who put his conscience into every stone he laid." That is what you need in all your dealings with others. Put your conscience in your work, and you can stand up fairly and look every man in the eye. The fortune you build may grow slowly, one stone at a time, but it will be a structure that will stand like the hills.

J. W.

If you do not desire God's kingdom, do not pray for it; but if you do, you must do more than pray for it—you must work for it.

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION,

AS CLAIMED BY THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE Roman Catholic Church is recognized as the oldest Christian church in existence. Its history dates back to St. Peter, and he is canonized as their first saint. It is upon the assumption that Peter transferred his authority to their first pope in the city of Rome, that the Catholic church bases its claim to apostolic succession. If this belief can be successfully established that Peter did this most important work, and that his authority has remained with them to the present, it will prove their authority legal, and their church to be of God. But if it can be truthfully shown that there are many obstacles and objections to this belief, both historical and doctrinal, it will tend to make us question the claims of this most powerful organization. There is much too little known of the workings of the early Christian church, especially about the time St. Peter was imprisoned in Rome. It is almost an unanswerable question whether Peter did or did not appoint his successor before his martyrdom. He was aware that he would shortly leave the earth, and the conclusion is forced upon the mind that he made provision for the appointment of his successor; if there was no one then in existence holding equal authority with himself, and who could fill his presidential chair. We have a record handed down to us of the ordination of the first Twelve Apostles, of Matthias to fill the vacancy left by the apostasy of Judas, and of Paul and Barnabas to the apostleship, of Timothy to the bishopric, but we have no record of the first pope (Bishop Linus) being ordained to the leadership of the church by Peter, and if the Roman church can produce no such record, and we doubt her power to do so, then her claim to apostolic succession is preposterous and her position as such is false.

The martyrdom of Peter occurred about the year 65 or 66, and at that time all the apostles were living with the exception of James, and none of them have left us any record of a successor being appointed. The Apostle John wrote three epistles thirty years after Peter's death, and yet he makes no mention of anyone having the leadership conferred upon him. Thirty-six years after Peter's death John wrote his Revelation, without making record of such an important fact, on the contrary he denounces the church of Rome as the anti-Christ. Peter wrote his second epistle probably in the winter of 65–6, as his death is put on the twenty-second or twenty-fourth of February, 66, and in that epistle he does not mention the fact of ordaining anyone else to this important office. Jude's epistle written A. D. 66, does not mention it.

Paul's second epistle to Timothy was written at Rome in 66, when in prison with Peter, and there is strong presumptive evidence that they were in the same prison for some time. That Peter died before Paul is generally acknowledged as correct. Is it reasonable then that at such a time, when death was staring him in the face, that Paul, the prison companion of Peter, should not mention the ordination of someone to the all-important office of leading the church? On the contrary, he warns Timothy against false teachers. According to this second epistle to Timothy, Paul says he had been forsaken by his brethren, and only Luke was with him. He tells Timothy to make all diligence to come unto him and bring Mark with him. Where was Peter? If he was not with Paul, he must have been dead, or Paul could not say:—"Only Luke is with me." Paul, Luke, and Mark, three of the twelve, were assembled at Rome after Peter's death. Now, if St. Peter had

ordained anyone in his place, one of these men would surely have mentioned the circumstance. But they have failed to do so. Again, if Peter had appointed some one in his place, Paul could not say: "Luke only is with me," because the man appointed would have been with him, as well as Luke.

There is a most important passage in Peter's second epistle, wherein he states: "I think it is meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ has showed me. *Moreover, I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance.*" It is clear from this passage that Peter would make some provision for the church, and if he was not dead when Paul wrote to Timothy that he had only Luke with him, and asking for Mark to be brought, it was in order to have Paul, Luke, and Mark with him, to give them instructions respecting the ministry of the church. On the other hand, if Peter was dead, as is clear from the language of Paul, he had left instructions with Paul, and Paul was anxious to communicate them to Luke and Mark, knowing that his death was also at hand. If Peter had appointed and ordained his successor, certainly one of these apostles would have recorded it. That Peter never gave authority to anyone is plain. Peter was the head; he held the keys and powers of the kingdom. But the fact that Peter was given the keys and powers is not sufficient reason for anyone to claim the same keys and powers, and if people do claim the same, it is no proof that they are in possession of them. It is admitted that James and John stood next to Peter in the holy apostleship. James, Peter, and Paul being dead, the authority was vested in the remaining apostles, with John at their head.

In the year 90, or twenty-four years after the death of Peter, John wrote a general or catholic epistle to the church, showing that *he* had authority and was the head of the church. At that date (the year 90 A. D.), the Roman Catholics had had *two* popes in succession since Peter's death. Their names were Linus and Anacletus. We do not see either of them recognized by the Apostle John, on the contrary, he denounces the church at Rome as anti-Christ. In his first epistle, second chapter and eighteenth and nineteenth verses, he says: "Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that anti-Christ shall come, *even now are there many anti-Christs.* . . . They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us they would no doubt have continued with us, but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us." We can see by this that John knew of the false teachers and usurpers that had arisen, claiming equal authority with himself and St. Peter. As further proof that the Apostle John was the leader, prophet and revelator to the church, we find the Lord, thirty years after the death of Peter, verifying the words of the Prophet Amos to the church, wherein he says: "Surely the Lord will do nothing, but He revealeth His secrets to His servants the prophets." In the year 96 John was inspired to write that most wonderful of books, the Apocalypse, or the Book of Revelation. Here the Lord revealed to His prophet what should come to pass until the winding up scene. John saw what should transpire throughout the whole world from his day till the end of time. Herein the Lord recognized and honored His prophet on the earth. Can the Catholics show such a recognition for their first three popes after Peter, and if not, why not?

Let us read a portion of this revelation of St. John. In the first

chapter, tenth and eleventh verses, we find: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, and what thou seest write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea." Why is the church of Rome not mentioned? If the Lord had had a church there, would He not have desired His word through His prophet to reach them also? Certainly He would. But the Saints of wicked Rome had all been put to death during the violent persecutions there. Paganism swallowed up Christianity, and the Roman Catholic church worship is only Paganism in another form. John in his revelation gives an exact description of the Roman Catholic church thus: "And the woman (or church) was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornications: and upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. . . . And here is the mind which has wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." You will find this passage in the seventeenth chapter of the Revelation. Let us analyze it. The popes are dressed in scarlet, and the cardinals in purple, and they officiate in garments covered with gold and precious stones, with golden cups in their hands. History tells us that they had persecuted the Saints, yea, have made themselves drunken with the blood of millions of noble martyrs. Where is there another church whose head sits in a city on seven mountains but the Roman church? The revelation says the "seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman (church) sitteth." Rome is built on *seven* hills, and in Rome is the head of the Roman church. How exact is the description. It savors more of an actual knowledge of the workings and ways of the church, than a mere vision.

And further, if the Roman Catholic church had received authority from Peter, God would most certainly have given the revelation to Clement, the third pope in succession, instead of the Apostle John. John wrote his epistle in the year 96, and Clement was then holding the papal office in Rome. Is it not rather remarkable that this apostolic church with its apostolic head, should be so ignored? Is it not a silent rebuke to usurped authority? Is the conclusion not forced on the mind that the Almighty thought more of the beloved disciple than of the infallible pope. Is not arrogance tacitly condemned?

If it can be proved that the apostolic office has continued, then a great deal of King James' translation of the Scriptures, as well as the Douay translation, must be spurious. Both versions plainly teach the falling away of the church, the driving of the woman (church) into the wilderness, and the taking of the man child (the holy priesthood) into heaven. They inform us that Satan should overcome all nations, all people, all kindreds and tongues, and that the earth would be covered with darkness, and gross darkness should prevail in the minds of the people. The laws should be transgressed, the ordinances changed, and the everlasting covenant broken. Men would heap to themselves teachers, and some would say they were of Paul, some of Apollos, and some of Cephas.

But these things have transpired, and are plainly visible not only in the Catholic church, but also in every

organization that has grown out of her. Ever since the days of Constantine the Great she has been bringing forth harlot daughters that have corrupted the nations of the earth with their damnable heresies and doctrines of devils.

Constantine, as is well known, transferred his imperial residence to Byzantium, and there founded the new city of Constantinople. He designed to make this city a new Rome and endowed it with all the privileges, honor and elegance of old Rome. In doing this he raised a feud in the church that was the means of a split in its ranks. The Bishop of Constantinople, or the new Rome, finding his city made the imperial residence, desired to be in every particular the equal of the bishop in old Rome, and in fact to have the precedence of all other bishops. This caused so much ill feeling between the respective bishops of Rome and Constantinople that the church was divided and was the cause of the Greek church becoming an independent organization with the bishop of Constantinople at the head. The church at Rome was afterwards known as the Latin church, with the Roman pontiff at its head. Which of these two popes or bishops held the true authority, and which fell from his position by reason of ambition? Or had both fallen?

John Hayes.

PART OF A JOURNEY.

THE September sun was slowly sinking behind the Wasatch mountains, spreading gold on the dancing waves of Green River and illuminating the surrounding landscape, one evening thirty-one years ago, as a company of Latter-day Saints had successfully crossed the clear, cool stream. The tired men and animals were making for the camping ground hard by, and driving up in the customary circle the teamsters unyoked their oxen, and the spirits of the emigrants began to revive at the prospects of supper.

It was wonderful to note the alacrity with which these people, men and women, took hold of the preparations for the night, considering that they had traveled over twenty miles that day in the broiling sun, barefooted many of them, and worn out with the fatigue of a journey such as they had undertaken. But here they were, pitching their tents in no time, making their fires, getting out their few cooking utensils, while some ran for water and others gathered sticks, or whatever could be procured that would burn. The pots were put on, the bread was stirred, bacon was fried, children were running to and fro, mothers were mildly scolding, boys were laughing, men were whistling, some of the girls tried to sing a little but ceased and began to groan at the recollection of their own most deplorable or at least very shabby, dusty, untidy, but on the whole not unpicturesque appearance. In short it looked for half an hour or so not unlike the confusion at Babel. And with a little imagination one could almost fancy it was the same, to hear the many different languages spoken or shouted.

At last when the bread was baked, the rice done, the pork fried, and sundry other delicacies ready to dish up, the hungry, worn-out Saints gathered around their respective—no, not tables, but what served for such. In most cases the ground, a bucket turned bottom-side up, the lid of a box or the meat pot itself, around which the members of a family would gather, and each one help himself, after a short blessing had been asked.

While the evening meal is being eaten, in some cases almost devoured, look at the picture and wonder. For anyone who wanted to study life's changing phases here is variety. What volumes could be written were each one to tell his story.

Here is a weather-beaten face under a south-west, the only remnant from the north sea, where its owner has spent his life fishing. He is proud of his south-west. It has stood many a blast on the briny sea and it has outlasted all the other hats in the company.

Here is a peaceful-looking tailor in buckskin shirt, moccasins and buckskin pants like a complete Indian, swinging the ax fearfully—getting tomorrow's kindling.

Yonder sits a schoolmaster of many years' standing grinding beans for the breakfast coffee. His head tied up in a handkerchief; his pantaloons in a most grievous condition and his temper ditto, for right by him sits the talkative Sister Lesner, rehearsing for the hundredth time that no one had ever sung at her cradle that she would live to see Mount Zion, nor even the outside of the island where she was born and bred. And the poor schoolmaster on pins and needles because he fancied he saw Bertha Petersen and the German painter go off together after water.

Yonder on a turned water bucket sits a boy in blue who is in a soldier's blue coat, which he has purchasd on his journey, and which is all there is about him to remind one of a soldier. His hat—or what is left of it—for the brim has withdrawn its allegiance from the crown altogether—is pushed low on his forehead, and while he clasps one knee with both hands, he is balancing on his toe the last sad-looking remnants of his boots. It is more than a week since the other was discarded and he has changed about with this one. But now this too, must be abandoned as unable to hang on his foot any longer and he will have to enter Zion barefooted. There is a swelling in his throat at the thought of this, he is but a boy and the son of a wealthy farmer in Norway.

Somewhat sequestered from the rest sits an old lady in a faded sunbonnet of curious shape, munching her supper in silence, while a young woman is waiting on her from time to time. The old lady is blind, but she is one of the most patient of the lot, and has borne the fatigue of the journey like a Saint. She has been the mother of a large family, the last and only one of which is traveling with her to Utah. All her life she has struggled with poverty and sickness, yet with undaunted spirit, she has set out for Zion to lay her bones where the Saints dwell, as she herself expresses it. She is continually asking her daughter about the scenery, and the Elders how much further it is to Zion.

Over to the left, surrounded by her son, his wife and six grandchildren, Grandmother Meyer reposes. She is seventy-five years old, is the mother of sixteen children, and has traveled all the way across the plains on foot. Always starting out ahead of the rest of the company, and then waiting for them to catch up with her. Her face is like a piece of parchment, where time has written the story of a hard life, now nearing its completion.

But I cannot point out each remarkable figure in the picture. Here are men and women in tatters, with blistered hands and faces sunburnt till they are brown as mulattos, dressed in the most diversified pieces of clothing, and sore-footed, lame and shoeless. Yes, they present rather a melancholy spectacle; but what would you kind reader? They have been, at least some of them, nine months on the journey. The Scandinavian Saints left Copenhagen in December the previous year. They weathered it on the Atlantic

Ocean fifteen weeks, laid over in the roughest places and have now been wandering in the wilderness many months. What wonder that their appearance has suffered as well as the temper of some of them!

But now the shadows of evening are descending and supper being over everybody is busy with preparations for the night and the coming day. The children are being brought to bed, dishes being washed, some of the women have gone down to the river to wash some clothes; and at last the day's work is over. Some of the men have congregated in groups, the old ladies have gone to rest, and the younger people are preparing to do the same. A few young people have gathered round the musical genius of the company, a young-looking, old man, who sitting on a rock vigorously pulls at a dilapidated accordion. The strains seem to linger on the air and tune the young hearts with hope of happiness in the promised land, while the older members listen to the music with a sigh at the recollection of friends left behind. The musician strikes up a lively waltz, but the tired feet remain passive, at the most beating time to the music. Before the waltz is fairly ended the rusty old brass bell sounds for prayer, the young saunter slowly towards camp and the humble supplications and thanksgiving of the multitude go up to the throne of Grace for His protecting care so far, and ends with a petition for further help on their wearisome way. The voice that spoke rang out loud and clear, echo repeats the solemn words and with a whole-souled amen the people arise.

Peace and quiet reign supreme, the moon comes slowly creeping up over the hilltops and smiles her pleasantest on the scene beneath. The oxen are grazing a good way off, the night-guards are sauntering forth and back, each clasping a gun in his folded arms. The monotonous sound of the rushing river forms appropriate music for the quiet scene; now and then a hawk starts up with a hoarse shriek and flies away over the distant hilltops.

From one of the tents the door is softly lifted, and the figure of a woman is seen emerging cautiously for fear of waking some one. She stops outside the tent and peers anxiously about; no one in sight, she ventures timidly outside the row of tents and wagons. The full light of the moon falls upon her and shows the agile limbs and rounded form of a young girl. Her feet are bare and her long light hair falls loosely over her shoulders, the homespun dress skirt reaches a little below the ankles, and the well-worn waist is too short and the sleeves are patched at the elbows. Her features are regular and pretty, though browned by the sun and wind. Once outside the camping ground, she walks rapidly down to the river, and seating herself on the bank, puts her tired,swollen feet into the clear rippling water. She shudders a little, pulls them back and then dips them in again, little by little, till at last she sits with lifted head and folded hands, and with an agreeable sensation feels the cooling water ripple over the smarting members. Not used to being idle, she shakes out her hair and begins braiding it in two plaits. This done she still lingers, watching the drifting skies and the agitated face of the moon in the water. An owl claps its wings overhead, she turns and her eyes follow the direction of its flight. Oh, to be able to travel with the birds and get to Utah in a day or two, instead of journeying at this snail's pace, leaving the graves of kindred and dear ones behind to mark the way across the plains! She breaks down at this thought, for has not she buried her dear old mother only a few weeks since in the burning sand? The kind, loving mother, who had striven so hard and waited so patiently to get to Zion? She

had to lie down by the wayside, and her daughter cannot even have the comfort of caring for her grave. She is alone now among strangers and going to a strange land, where she knows no one, where no one cares for her or what becomes of her! In her sorrow the young girl painted the picture with the darkest colors. She repeated the words over and over again: no one to care for her in the wide world; as if her sad heart took delight in its own misery.

If there were no one to care for her, she cared for some one, some one she had loved for years—long, long before he had married the pretty, frail, brown-eyed girl, the mother of his little boy. Poor Gerda, her happiness had been of short duration! She had died when her first-born was a year old, and Anna (that is the name of our young friend) had begun to hope again. They had lived in the same town in Denmark, had associated together, but he had never shown any signs of a liking for her, beyond that of a friend and a sister in the Gospel. They had traveled together now for months, he with his little delicate boy and though she had tried in a modest way to be of help to him and his child, he was the same to her. She was beginning to despair now—presumed he never would love her. She began to cry again. Why couldn't he love her? She knew she wasn't bad looking; some people even thought her quite pretty; she was sure of that. She knew she had always behaved well, and she was quite sure she would make an excellent wife, yet he seemed to be blind to all her good qualities. Perhaps it was because she looked so shabby now; but he had seen her when she had been always neat and well dressed. "But just wait till we get to Utah; I'll marry the first one that asks me, see if I don't. Then he can marry any one he's a mind to, I'm not going to grieve myself thus over anybody!" With which spiteful conclusion young Anna arose and started toward her tent or the one she occupied with several others.

In passing one of the outmost wagons she stepped softly and listened. It is his wagon and she hears the low pitiful moans of little Axel. He is worse then? She clasped her hands. She knows he cannot live very long, his little wasted body and big strange eyes told her plainly this evening. A soothing voice speaks a few caressing words. It is the voice she knows and loves so well. Ah, that she dared offer her help without fear of betraying her love! That she might hold his dear little child in her arms while he goes to sleep forever! But what will he think, if she comes now; and fearful of betraying her secret she hastens onward to call an elderly sister, in whose company she travels, and tell her that Brother Carstensen's child is worse.

But inside the wagon sits Brother Carstensen on a low stool resting his back against a barrel and holding his little boy in his arms. A lantern hangs on the side of the covering and sheds a dim light on the nearest objects. In the farthest end an old couple are soundly sleeping after the heat of the day, all unconscious of the fact that death is hovering near and that a poor young father is wrestling with God to let his child live. But the dear eyes are growing dimmer the moans lower and the father clasped him closer.

"Are you going to mamma, darling?" he whispers huskily.

The child tries to say something, smiles and its little head falls down on the father's bosom. Brother Carstensen jerks the little body nearer the light in wild fear; but the pallor of death is upon the face, and he knows that his child has gone to its mother. He glances helplessly about and calls out with trembling voice: "My child—oh, Sister Olsen, my child is dead." But both the old people are very hard of hearing, and sleep on undisturbed.

The father presses the little form closer, and bending low over it weeps till his frame trembles. Alone in his sorrow, without a woman's gentle hand to perform the last kind office to his little one. He closes the dear eyes and a fresh attack of weeping seizes him. A hand is laid on his shoulder, he looks up and finds a kindly sister urging him to let her relieve him of his burden, and he yields and goes out to the river, where half an hour earlier the lonely young girl sat.

Early the next morning little Axel is buried. The whole company is in sympathy, for the pretty little child was loved by everybody. He is dressed in his best clothes, and Anna has brought a large, white, embroidered silk handkerchief, with which she decks the little corpse. Brother Cartensen sees it, and sends her a grateful look; he knows she loved the child, and that she brings it as a last loving tribute.

The company is on its way again. Old Mother Meyer has started out ahead as usual and one of her grandchildren calls out mischievously after her: "Good-bye, grandma, tell them we are coming as fast as we can."

The blind sister, her staff in one hand and a string tied to her daughter's waist in the other, trudges off, good-naturedly chatting about the weather and off and on asking her daughter in a whisper if her head gear is on straight. The younger woman smiles and assures her it is all right; but has not the heart to tell the particular old lady that the rest of her habiliment is in a woeful condition. As they travel along the schoolmaster, who is not as young as he once was, is learning from an old Swedishman to make baskets, as a last desperate effort to win Bertha's heart, for he intends to present her with his masterpiece as soon as it is finished.

One sister, who has a few skimmings of night's milk in a bottle goes along shaking it vigorously to get butter for dinner. Now and then she stops to remind her cow, which she is driving, that she'll have to move on or they'll never get to Zion.

Here and there are women knitting, darning stockings and the like. One mother who has seven little ones, the youngest of which is seven months, and was born on the journey, she carries on her back Indian fashion while she is patching a pair of what she calls panties for one of the boys. Our friend, Anna, is taking turns with a young mother who has twin babies two months old, healthy and lively as little ducklings, and almost copper-colored. Brother Carstensen, who, by the way, is a good-looking young man of some thirty years, is driving up beside her and asks if she doesn't want a lift; he is not overloaded, but Anna declines with thanks, but begs him to take a feeble woman, in delicate health. He stops and does as she says, and while Anna is helping the lady in, he whispers: "I learn that it was you sent Sister L. to me last night in my trouble. Thank you, Anna."

He turns away his face to hide the tears and tries hard to steady his voice. Anna blushed and stammered something consoling. "Little Axel is better off than we, Brother Carstensen."

He clears his throat and says, "yes but I wanted to keep him so——he was such a——." He stops unable to speak and Anna bursts out crying partly from sorrow over the little one, partly and mostly because she saw him weep. They walk on in silence.

Anna's arms are aching with her burden. Brother Carstensen sees it and takes the child, without asking; she does not decline now. The sun is high in the heaven, the ground seemed scorching hot and she is almost famished for a drink of water.

It is nearly two o'clock and they have not yet reached a place where they can halt for dinner. Some of

the women and children are being helped inside the wagons, unable to walk farther; some are trying to outdo each other in patience; some are grumbling a little and others are grumbling a good deal; but those are the ones that have grumbled all the way, whether they had cause for it or not. They are half-hearted and regret that they have left the flesh-pots of Babylon, consequently find fault with everything and everybody, spreading discontent among others as well.

A few days later, when our friends were camping not far from the mouth of Echo Canyon, where the mid-day meal had been taken, Anna Larsen was busy helping the mother of the seven children make sandals of braided rags, sewing them like people sometimes nowadays make braided door mats, only just large enough to cover the sole of the foot and tying them with strings crossed round the ankles, something happened that set a good many hearts beating in fear.

The meal was over, and the company was preparing to break up and proceed with their journey. Some, loathe to leave the cool, shady place, lingered over their dinner, while others, snatching the few moments of expectant rest, finished up little jobs that had to be done in these intervals, such as mending the footwear, sewing up rents here and there, and binding skirts, sometimes with strips of old overalls, or whatever else could be had. Old Father Jones, a venerable Englishman, who was ever observing nature, and who seemed never to weary of contemplating the grand mountains, stood, leaning both hands on his long stick and speaking to some younger people about the wisdom and forethought of the Lord in bringing His people out of Babylon into the chambers of the mountains, away from the snares of Satan, stopped short in the middle of a sentence to gaze more intently on an object he fancied he could see on a hilltop not far distant.

"Now, look here, sonny," said he to a young man. "Speaking about the evil one—don't that look like the veritable devil himself standing on top that hill? My sight is failing me; but I could almost swear to it that it wasn't there when I looked before."

The young man looked and an exclamation of astonishment sent all eyes in the same direction. It was a man—an Indian on horseback, and as the people looked in wonder there kept coming up from behind the mountain one after another of the same type till there was quite an army of them. A few moments consultation and a good deal of gesticulation went on among them and then like a whirlwind they all came charging down the hillside, making for camp with fearful speed.

There was many a pale cheek and quivering lip at that dreadful sight, and the people stood irresolutely waiting for what was coming. Surely the Lord would not let them be masacred now, so near their journey's end.

Some comical exhibitions of fright were afterwards remembered and laughed over, though no one took much notice of such things now. The musician in his excitement got his accordion out and started to play frantically, perhaps with an idea that he might charm the wild men with his strains. Mothers gathered their children closely about them in the apprehension of danger. Anna involuntarily looked about for Brother Carstensen, and seeing him not far away she timidly drew nearer that they might die together if the worst came to the worst.

But the Indians drew up in line and then forming a semi-circle they dismounted and fell on one knee resting an elbow on the other and leaning the head in the left hand—their favorite attitude. The chief then began negotiations with the captain of the company, who understood them pretty well, and the

Saints were asked to furnish them with something to eat, which was accordingly done. Afterwards the Indians scattered about and offered for sale their wares, moccasins, buckskins and blankets; which were traded for what the Saints could give in exchange; such as handkerchiefs, different pieces of ornament, rice and whatever else they could spare of provisions. Anna had a black bead neck lace, for which she purchased a pair of moccasins which she was much in need of. The farmer-son from Norway procured covering for his feet also, so that he was spared the humiliation of entering Zion barefooted—a thing that had troubled him considerably. The "peace-loving tailor" purchased a highly-colored blanket which he afterwards delighted in hanging about his shoulders of an evening to the amusement of the schoolmaster, who declared that nothing but his sandy locks might prevent him from passing for an Indian.

Thus what at first looked like a trouble was turned to a blessing for the wandering people.

One evening when the company had camped earlier than usual about two or three days' journey from Salt Lake City, at the Weber River, Brother Carstensen came up to Anna, who was mixing bread, raising it with sour dough, which she intended to bake very early next morning, and asked her if she would milk his cow for him, as he was going on a hunting expedition. She promised readily and he walked off.

When Anna had finished milking, and stood stroking the old cow lovingly on the back, the tailor who, by the way, was a widower, came up, very gracefully draped with his blanket, and offered the astonished girl, in an off-hand manner, to marry her as soon as they should reach Salt Lake. Anna told him that she had never dreamed of his caring for her, but he assured her he had "had his eye on her" all the time, and now that they were nearing their destination he would like to have someone to cook for him and keep his home in order. Anna was wondering to herself if that was the sort of wooing she would have to be content with, and if that was all a man wanted a wife for, simply to keep his home and do his cooking. She had forgotten the tailor, and stood silently looking at the ground. Her suitor thinking she was weighing the pros and cons in this matter, watched her anxiously.

At last she looked up and seeing the man remembered the question. "No," she said, "you will have to look for some other cook, Brother S——, I am sorry to disappoint you; but I couldn't think of living out for life with some one I know so little of."

The tailor took it in good part and asked her if she could recommend anyone else; but Anna would have nothing to do with his plans of matrimony, and the tailor walked away in low spirits. Anna sat down outside the tent where she had strained the milk, thinking of the dreadfully helpless position of girls in general and her own loneliness in particular, till she began to weep in sheer self-pity. The night was quiet and beautiful; most of the emigrants were going to bed, here and there a group of three and four were talking low and hazarding guesses as to when they would be able to get to Salt Lake.

Over by the big bonfire, where some of the sisters had been doing their washing, sat the German painter darning his socks by the light of a twig or two he had thrown on, while singing at the top of his voice:

"O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell.
We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell."

Someone thrust his head outside the wagon-cover and asked the singer to give them a rest, whereat the painter felt much offended and vowed that he wouldn't sing again till they had

reached Salt Lake, as these people didn't seem to know a good thing when they heard it.

Two of the night-guards, elderly men, have sat down on a rock to rehearse some of the difficulties they have passed through together on this journey; lamenting the fact that so many have fallen away of the number that left Denmark nearly a year ago. Some were buried in the ocean, a few have been laid to rest on the prairies, some—and that is the saddest of it—have dropped off and stayed in the different places the company has passed through. Some of them became faint-hearted at the prospects of the wearisome journey before them; some were tempted by a few pieces of gold offered them for work, to forsake the good cause and try their fortune in the states rather than take up their cross of poverty with the rest of the Saints in Utah. And some had stumbled over trifles till they fell away from the Gospel at last, dissatisfied with themselves and everybody else. They had forsaken home, friends and everything they held dear in their native home, where no sacrifice was too great for them and where it seemed that nothing could tempt them from the path of right, but now they have allowed the most insignificant things to throw them off the track.

"Ah," concluded one of them; "Paul says that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong but to him who perseveres to the end. But let others do as they will, as for me and my house we will serve the Lord!"

"Let us say, by God's help, Brother Peter," put in the other.

And well he might say so, for even this man, who wanted to serve the Lord and who had stayed faithfully by His people in many of their trials, drifted away into unbelief years afterwards when prosperity came to the Saints. But that does not belong to this sketch.

Three days later the emigrants entered Emigration Square at nightfall, worn out and tired to death, yet ready to take up the struggle for existence, which began at once. Some wept for joy, others with disappointment, and friends who had become near and dear to each other on the journey prepared to part.

Alone on the box which contained all her earthly belongings, sat Anna, struggling with her tears and waiting for the man who had promised to come and take her to his home. Brother Carstensen was going out in the country to make his home; he had said good-by to most of his friends but her. But of course he would come and bid her a last good-by and then—. The tears came in spite of her—she could have sobbed aloud. Then she saw him coming and she broke down entirely.

He did not appear surprised at her weeping, but asked softly: "Do you cry now that the journey is over and we are safe in Zion, Anna?"

It was some time before she could answer, then she said, "I am afraid the journey was but child's play to that which is coming."

"Was that the cause of your tears? Are you afraid to take up the burden before you?"

She nodded. "I am weak," she faltered.

He smiled. "You are stronger than most girls. But suppose we take it up together, Anna?"

She looked up quickly and surprised, but she read the meaning of his words in his kindly face and cheerfully laid her hands in his. Life had lost its dreariness all of a sudden. The German painter and Bertha Petersen were married last evening, and the schoolmaster has given his basket to a widow with four children, to whom he is going to be married shortly. *Sophy Valentine.*

Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying pshaw.

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GOSPEL CRITICS.

THERE have been some, though we hope the number is very few, of our young people who have received instruction in our Church academies who have taken it upon themselves to criticise some of the teachings of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles. These students have carefully studied the principles of the Gospel as found in the Bible and our Church works, and have formed their judgments of all doctrines by the passages therein contained. It is of course quite proper for the Latter-day Saints to study carefully the word of God as found in Holy Writ, but it is very improper for anyone to condemn the spirit while clinging to the letter of the law. "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." This fact should be firmly impressed upon the minds of the young, so that they will accept the word of God as given in this day through the living oracles as that which is to be believed and practiced.

The conditions which prevail at the present time in the Church are altogether different to those which have existed in the past, consesequently a difference of teachings will be found necessary, and, as the occasion demands, the Lord will make known His will through His authorized mouthpiece for the good of the people. These revelations may seem at times to be inharmonious with those which are written. Nevertheless, if the Saints will accept them in the proper spirit and follow the advice which God gives, they will invariably find that such doctrines have been for the advancement of the people and development of the work of God, and when understood they will also be found to agree with the written word of God.

The Lord will undoubtedly reveal many things in the future which are today unexpected. Thereby the faith of some of the people will be tried. Still, nothing will be announced but what the Latter-day Saints will be able to understand and know to be the truth, if they will seek diligently for a testimony concerning its divinity. Our Father will not allow His children and Church to be led astray. Whoever attempts to do such a thing, however high his position may be, will certainly fall, even as Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, fell through his opposition to the correct plan of the Father for the redemption of His children.

We urge our young men not to set themselves up as the oracles of the Lord, nor to allow their minds to be so set upon their understanding and explanations of doctrine that they cannot be taught by those who are sustained as the Prophets of God. Those who entertain this spirit must repent or lose their faith. The Church of Christ is a progressive one, and the conditions surrounding the people will vary as they progress. Hence, how necessary it is that the Lord should guide His people by continued revelation, always making known to us such principles as are a little in advance of our present conditions, so that we may always have something ahead towards which we are looking, and for the success of which we are working.

Should there be times when principles are revealed which any of us do not thoroughly understand, let us not form hasty judgments or conclusions, but rest contentedly with the assurance that God will direct all things for good, and if we are faithful we will eventually be given the knowledge of everything that is necessary for our temporal or spiritual salvation. To criticise either men or principles in connection with the Gospel is generally a bad prac-

tice, as it very often leads to evil. To inquire is proper, that we may understand the truth, and live continually by it.

A PROFITABLE LESSON.

On the sixth of June, 1882, a young man who had learned the business of a baker in the city of London, arrived in Salt Lake City with a company of emigrants. He had a small chest containing a few articles of clothing and was possessed of only two cents in money. He had emigrated from England through love of the Gospel and from a desire to associate with the people of Zion in their home in these mountains. The hardships of the journey, which were not a few, did not dishearten nor discourage him. He had but fifty-two cents left in his pocket in Liverpool after buying his transportation to Salt Lake City. He obtained his food on the ocean by working in the kitchen of the vessel, and his food during his journey from New York to Salt Lake City was provided with the fifty cents.

On his arrival in Salt Lake City there were no friends to meet him, as he was almost entirely unacquainted, except with the members of the company with which he had journeyed. He was accustomed, however, to hard work, and immediately sought employment. He found an opportunity to labor in a bakery in Salt Lake City, where the proprietor said he would not promise him any wages more than his board, as he was afraid the young man would not be able to do the work satisfactorily. The newly-arrived emigrant was pleased with the bargain. When the month had elapsed the proprietor gladly handed the young man twenty dollars, and offered him thirty dollars a month for his future labors. Gradually the youth worked his way up until he received sixty dollars per month for his services, and, according to the testimony of the man who employed him, was giving entire satisfaction.

Up to this time our young friend was not married. Finding a thrifty young woman, however, he married, and together they started for one of the outlying Stakes of Zion within Utah, with the intention of building themselves a home.

They arrived in a small settlement of the Saints with nothing but two small boxes containing all their earthly effects. Through the kindness of some of the Saints they were allowed to occupy a small log room, where they obtained plenty of fresh air from the wind which blew through the chinks of the logs and through the broken windows. They were happy, however, in the prospect of securing some government land, upon a piece of which they soon located and fulfilled the requirements necessary to obtaining title.

Without money to hire a team, our friend was for awhile at a loss to know how to cultivate his homestead, but finally he gave a day and a half of his labor for the loan of a neighbor's team and wagon for one day. The day on which he had the use of the team he worked upon his own land and gradually brought some of it under cultivation. Thus the young man and his wife continued to work along together with great industry and economy until now they have a comfortable house of four rooms, and seventy acres of land well cultivated, planted in grain, lucern, fruit trees, vegetables and smaller fruits. Their property is continually increasing in in value. They have cows and horses, and have also been blessed with a nice, healthy-looking, good family of five children.

This example is one which many young and middle-aged people might follow with profit. The present inclination of the people is to congregate in cities, and it is proved by statistics that country places are gradually being depopulated, while there is a steady increase in the num-

bers of city residents. This is, as a general thing, a mistake which the present hard times are having a tendency to reveal. The comfortable people of late have been those who own their own land, free of encumbrance, from which they have been able to provide the necessaries of life so far as food is concerned. The farmers have been, are and will be in the future, the stable members of the community. It is unfortunate that in the present depressed condition of trade in our larger cities that more of the able-bodied brethren do not locate in our Stakes where there is so much land yet needing cultivation, and which will in time become very valuable, not alone because of its productiveness, but because of the future scarcity of unoccupied land in these mountains.

Of course we will find difficulties in farm life, and there will be many things to discourage, but with economy and determination there is no reason why any man of ordinary intelligence, united with the exertions of a faithful wife, should not attain independence by pursuing the course adopted by the young man whose case is here mentioned. Those who undertake such a thing, however, must be prepared for hardships, but should be filled with the determination not to be overcome by difficulties.

The experience of a gentleman who made a trip through the Dakotas might not be without its lesson to those who contemplate such a movement as is here suggested. We consequently append his experience herewith:

I came upon a woman who seemed to exemplify what may be termed true grit. It was near noon on a hot July day that I rode up to a cabin door to inquire my way. "Poverty and yet thrift!" I said to myself as I glanced about. A woman with a child in her arms answered my knock.

Something in her voice prompted me to say, "You're from New England?"

"Yes, but we've come West to grow up with the country," was her cheerful answer.

"You like Dakota?"

"Yes, or I shall when we get started," she replied. "We have been here three years. The first season the frost killed the wheat. The next year 'twas the drought spoilt fifty acres of as fine wheat as I ever looked on. 'Twas hard, for we had to mortgage a part of the farm, to keep above board. We've got a good crop in this year, but what'll happen we can't tell," she concluded, with a smile.

"You keep up a brave heart," I remarked.

"Oh, that isn't all our ill luck!" said the woman. "Our team horses died this spring. John, my husband, gets a little blue sometimes. But I tell him we're well off; we've both got our health, and we've a roof over our heads. If we prosper, we'll be out of debt in a year or two."

"You've no doctor very near in case you were sick," was my remark.

"Not within twenty miles; but we never get sick, you see; we're not able to," she added, lightly.

"You must miss the social privileges of your early life," was my next remark.

"We're too busy, I guess, to be lonesome," she said, "and then there's John and the three children. I should be ashamed of myself to be lonesome with them."

"I suppose there may be a school and church near?" was my query.

"Twenty miles away; and that's the nearest," she said. "But I teach the children, and we have services at the house every Sunday. John reads a sermon, and he and I sing and read from the Bible and pray. We like to do it; and then it's good for the children."

"Don't you sometimes wish to return to New England?" I asked.

"Oh, no" she laughed, "we've come here to stay, and we shall stick

to Dakota. Our luck will turn if we hold on. You may hear of us yet among the noted citizens of the State.''

I rode away pondering. ''With such a wife, what may not a man accomplish?'' was the burden of my thought.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

CHURCH HISTORY.

(*Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, continued.*)

PERIOD II.

LECTURE 1.

ENTRANCE OF THE PIONEERS INTO THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Subdivisions:—The number of the company and their perfect organization. (See Whitney's History of Utah, pp. 300–305; also Brief History of the Church, p. 118.) — The fit-out of the company. See Brief History of the Church p. 118.)—The time: year, month, day, day of week and hour of the day that the leader and colonizer Brigham Young entered the valley. (See Life of Brigham Young, p. 83; also Brief History of the Church, p. 119.—The memorable expression, ''This is the right place.'' (History of Utah p. 324; also History of Brigham Young, p. 83.)—The various opinions expressed concerning making a home in the valley. (See History of Utah, p. 328.)—The first Sunday in the valley: (*a*) date; (*b*) number of meetings; (*c*) themes or subjects spoken on. (See Brief History of the Church, p. 119, and History of Utah, Vol I, pp. 332–333.)—The plowing and planting on Saturday, the 24th, and Monday, the 26th. (Brief History of the Church, p. 119, and History of Utah, p. 336.)

Self-review:—1. When President Young set eyes upon the valley of the Great Salt Lake he said, ''This is the right place,'' as though he had seen it before; what was the basis of this assured declaration? 2. Give the date, day of the week and the hour of the day that the last of the pioneers entered the valley. 3. Describe the site of Salt Lake City as it appeared on July 24, 1847. 4. Present a one minute word picture of the Sunday scene of July 25, 1847, in Salt Lake Valley. 5. Contrast the first settlers of Utah with the first settlers of America.

LECTURE 2.

EMIGRATION.

Subdivisions:—The P. E. Fund in keeping the promise made at Nauvoo. (CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XIII, pp. 80–85.) — The handcart companies. (CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XIV, pp. 65–68 and 134–141; Whitney's Utah, pp. 555–565.)—Relief trains. (CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XIV, pp. 157–161.)—A journey from Europe to Utah before the building of the transcontinental railroad. (See some one who made the trip as an emigrant and condense his story.)—From Europe to Utah now, 1894.

Self-review:—1. Explain the perpetual quality of the emigration fund. 2. What was the chief cause of disaster among the handcart emigrants? 3. On what plan were the relief trains gotten up and sent out to aid the poor emigrants? 4. What was the average length of time taken in a journey from Europe to Utah in 1849 or 1850? 5. What is the average time and expense of emigrating from Europe to Utah now?

LECTURE 3.

EDUCATION.

Subdivisions: — Education essential to salvation.—The Saints' idea

of education.—Early efforts at true education.—The classes in Kirtland. — The Nauvoo University. — The classes in the "Old Fort," Great Salt Lake Valley.—The University of Deseret.—The Sunday Schools.—The early District Schools of Utah.—The Mutual Improvement Associations; (*a*) Young Men; (*b*) Young Women.— The Brigham Young Academy.—The Brigham Young College.—The Primary Associations. —The Latter-day Saints' College.—The Stake Academies. Ref., Compendium, pp. 274, 276; CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XV, pp. 585–586; Whitney's Utah, Vol. 1. pp. 433–435; Cannon's Life of Joseph, p. 343; Whitney's Utah, Vol. 11, pp. 294–300; Ibid, pp. 832–838; Brief History of the Church, p. 158; CONTRIBUTOR, Vols. 1 and 11; Historical Record.

Self-review:—1. Show that education or the gaining of knowledge and wisdom is essential to man's salvation. 2. Formulate a definition of true education. 3. Give historic proofs of the early efforts of the leaders and the people to promote universal education. 4. Give a short account of the University of Deseret (Utah). 5. When was the Brigham Young Academy formally opened? 6. What is the aim of the Mutual Improvement Associations.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 5.

COLONIZATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Division 1.—Plymouth Colony (1620).

Subdivisions:—Lack of religious liberty in England.--Emigration of the Pilgrims.—The compact.—Governor Bradford. — Town meeting. — The Pilgrims buy out the English company.—Greatness of the Pilgrims.

Division 2.—Massachusetts Bay Colony (1630).

Subdivisions: — Governor Winthrop's fleet.—Settlement of Boston. —Government of Massachusetts.—Religious fanaticism.—Beginning of our school system.—Harvard University.--The New England confederacy. —The Friends or Quakers.—King Philip's war.—The Salem witchcraft. —Massachusetts loses her charter. Ref., Montgomery's American History.

Self-review:—1. What led to the colonization of Massachusetts? 2. Who were the Pilgrims, and in what were they great? 3. How did the government of Massachusetts differ from that of Virginia? 4. What was the beginning of the common school system of the United States? 5. What were the objects in founding Harvard College?

LECTURE 6.

COLONIZING CONNECTICUT AND MARYLAND.

Subdivisions:—Connecticut settled 1634, by the Dutch from New York and the English from Plymouth.—War with and destruction of the Pequod Indians. — Connecticut drafts and adopts the first written constitution known in American history.—Inconsistent adoption of Jewish laws. —Giving protection to fugitive patriots from England.—The memorable "Charter Oak." — Maryland settled by Catholic pilgrims or Separatists.—Religious freedom given to all Christians.—Fighting over English affairs.—Catholic worship forbidden by order of the English Commonwealth under Cromwell.—Maryland becomes a royal province under William and Mary.—Church of England established in the colony.—Surveying of the noted Mason and Dixon's line. Ref., Montgomery's History of America, pp. 96–106.

Self-review:—1. Give the location of Connecticut and Maryland, and the time of their first being colonized. 2. What trouble in England caused division and strife among the people of Maryland, and on what political lines were they divided? 3. For what is the colonial constitution of Connecticut famous? 4. Wherein was the folly of adopting the Jewish laws for the government of the

colony? 5. Explain the Mason and Dixon's line.

LECTURE 7.

COLONIZING RHODE ISLAND AND DELAWARE.

Subdivisions:—Rhode Island settled 1636, by Roger Williams, fugitive for conscience' sake from Massachusetts.—Rhode Island the first to extend religious freedom to all men. —The charter government true to "soul liberty."—On the lead in furnishing men for the Revolutionary War. — Delaware settled by the Swedes in 1638.—The Dutch invade and take possession of the colony.—The English take the colony from the Dutch and sell it to William Penn.—Delaware the first State to adopt the Constitution of the United States. Ref., Montgomery's American History, pp. 106–111.

Self-review:—1. What were Roger Williams' religious views for which he was banished from Massachusetts? 2. What great American principle of government was first put into practice in Rhode Island colony? 3. Explain the circumstances that led to Providence and Newport both being capitals of the state. 4. When and by whom was the colonization of Delaware begun? 5. Why can Delaware be properly called the eldest of the sister states?

LECTURE 8.

THE CAROLINAS.

Subdivisions:—The immense grant of land by Charles II. of England to eight noblemen.—Settlers from Virginia and England found Charleston. —The Huguenots of France seek and find religious liberty in Carolina.—The attempted imposition of Locke's "Grand Model" on the colonists.—The division of the territory into North and South Carolina.—Introduction of rice, indigo and cotton culture. Ref., Montgomery's History of America, pp. 111–115.

Self-review:—1. What was the original extent of the Carolinas as granted by Charles II? 2. What form of government had the colonies of the Carolinas? 3. Who were the Huguenots? 4. Explain the "Grand Model" of the philosopher Locke. 5. What are the chief sources of the material wealth of the Carolinas?

LECTURE 9.

PENNSYLVANIA (1681).

Subdivisions:—The Penn grant. Motives of William Penn.—His faith in the Golden Rule.—Possession of the vast estate.—The "Great Law." —The "Great Treaty."—Philadelphia's importance. Ref., Montgomery, pp. 116-120.

Self-review : — 1. How came William Penn to obtain possession of the vast estate of forty-eight thousand square miles fronting on the beautiful Delaware? 2. What is meant by the "Holy Experiment?" 3. Describe the ceremony of taking possession of his estate. 4. Name the provisions of the "Great Law." 5. What was the "Great Treaty," and how long did it last?

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

LECTURE 1.

AIR.

Subdivisions:—Evidence of its existence.—Its properties, (*a*) impenetrability; (*b*) weight; (*c*) elasticity; (*d*) pressure.—Expansion of air by heat.—Supporting power of the atmosphere; (*a*) the sea level; (*b*) above sea level. Ref., Talmage's Domestic Science, chap. 1.

Self-review:—1. Give three practical proofs that atmosphere exists. 2. What is proved concerning the air by the law that "No two things can occupy the same space at the same time?" 3. Explain the relationship between the expansion of air by heat and the phenomena of winds. 4. What is the supporting power of the air at the sea level? 5. Why would a person in a high altitude require a greater lung capacity than one living on the sea level to obtain the same amount of vital support from the air?

LECTURE 2.

AIR (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions:—Constituents of the air.—Diffusion of gases.—Uniformity of atmospheric composition.—Nitrogen; its preparation.—Relative amounts of oxygen and nitrogen in the air.—Some properties of nitrogen. — Preparation of oxygen. — Some properties of oxygen.—Oxygen and nitrogen compared.—Carbon dioxide; its preparation.—Some properties of carbon dioxide.—Carbon dioxide from fermentation.—Tests for carbon dioxide.—Watery vapor in the air.—Capacity of air for moisture; saturation.— Air overcharged with moisture. — Summary. Ref., Talmage's Domestic Science, chapter iii.

Self-review:—1. What is a chemical element? 2. Name the substances present in the air. 3. How would you separate nitrogen from the other atmospheric ingredients? 4. How would you prepare oxygen for experimental purposes? 5. Make a drawing of the apparatus you would use. 6. How would you prepare carbon dioxide for experimental purposes? 7. Explain dew point.

LECTURE 3.

AIR (CONTINUED.)

Subdivisions:—Permanency of the atmosphere.—Effects of respiration on air composition.—Oxygen supplied to the air.—Carbon dioxide removed from air by plants.—Chlorophyle-bearing plants: Fungi.—House plants.—Agency of plants in drying the soil.—Carbon stored in the earth.—Carbon dioxide removed by certain animals.—Mutual dependence of animals and plants. Ref., chapter iv.

Self-review : — 1. Describe the change through which the atmospheric constituents are constantly passing. 2. How is the supply of oxygen to the air maintained? 3. What is your opinion of the good or ill effects of keeping plants in living rooms? 4. Show the effects of corals and mollusks in removing carbon dioxide from the air. 5. Show the mutual dependence of animal and plant life.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

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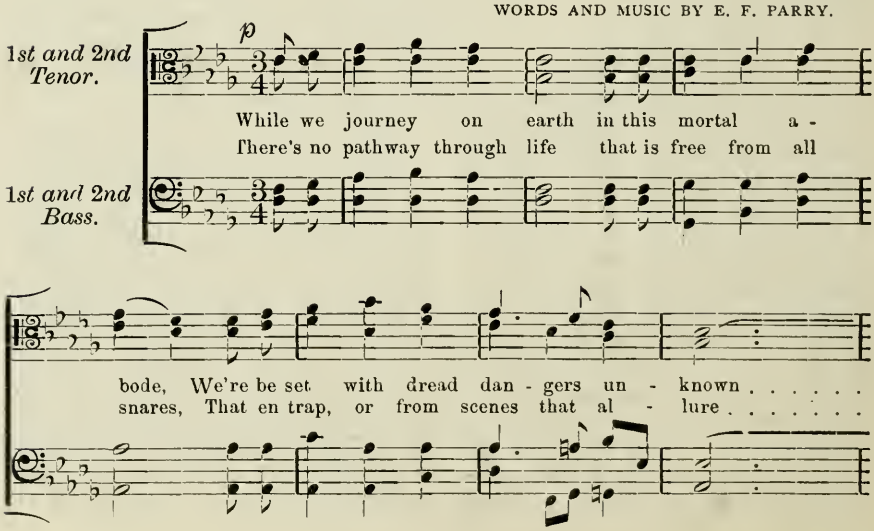
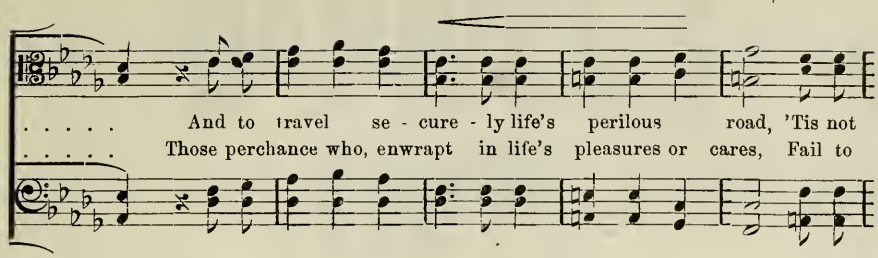
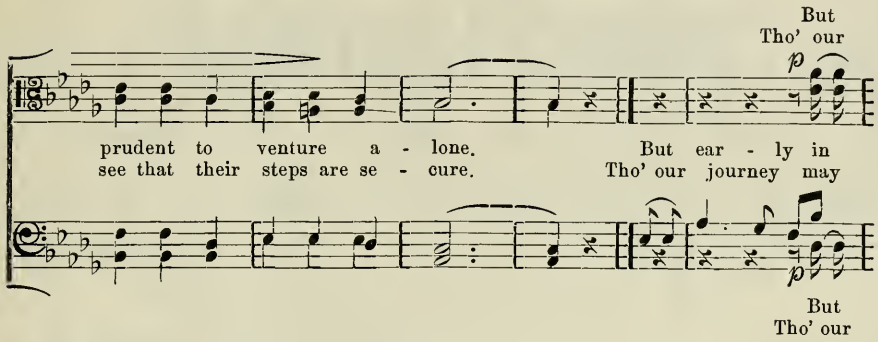



. . . . . And to travel se - cure - ly life's perilous road, 'Tis not
. . . . . Those perchance who, enwrapt in life's pleasures or cares, Fail to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prudent to venture a - lone. But ear - ly in
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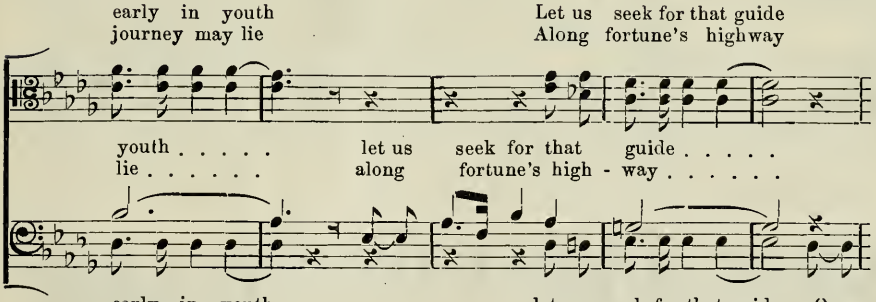
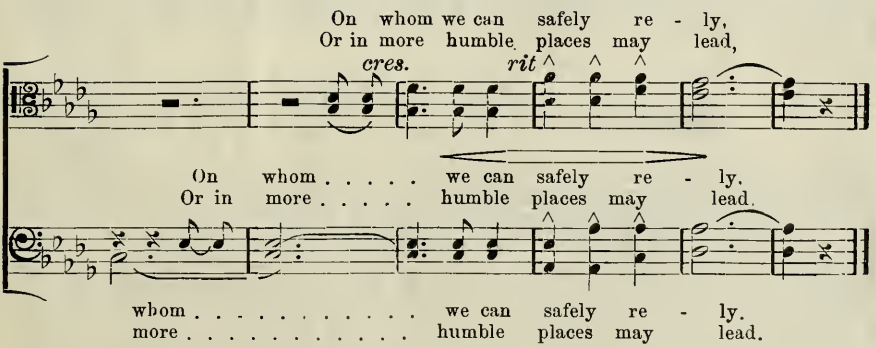

early in youth Let us seek for that guide
journey may lie Along fortune's highway
youth . . . . . let us seek for that guide . . . . .
lie . . . . . along fortune's high - way . . . . . .
early in youth let us seek for that guide On
journey may lie along fortune's highway Or in


On whom we can safely re - ly,
Or in more humble places may lead,
cres.
rit
On whom . . . . . we can safely re - ly.
Or in more . . . . . humble places may lead.
whom . . . . . we can safely re - ly.
more . . . . . humble places may lead.

A Tempo.

To guard us from ev - il on ev - er - y side, And give
When beclouded the sky and when gloomy the day, The kind

light to our path from on high. 'Tis the Spirit of
aid of this guide we shall need.

pp

God, that still whisp'ring voice, We should seek on this journey to

p

guide, It will lead us se - cure - ly on life's darkest

road, If we e'er in its promptings con - fide.

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